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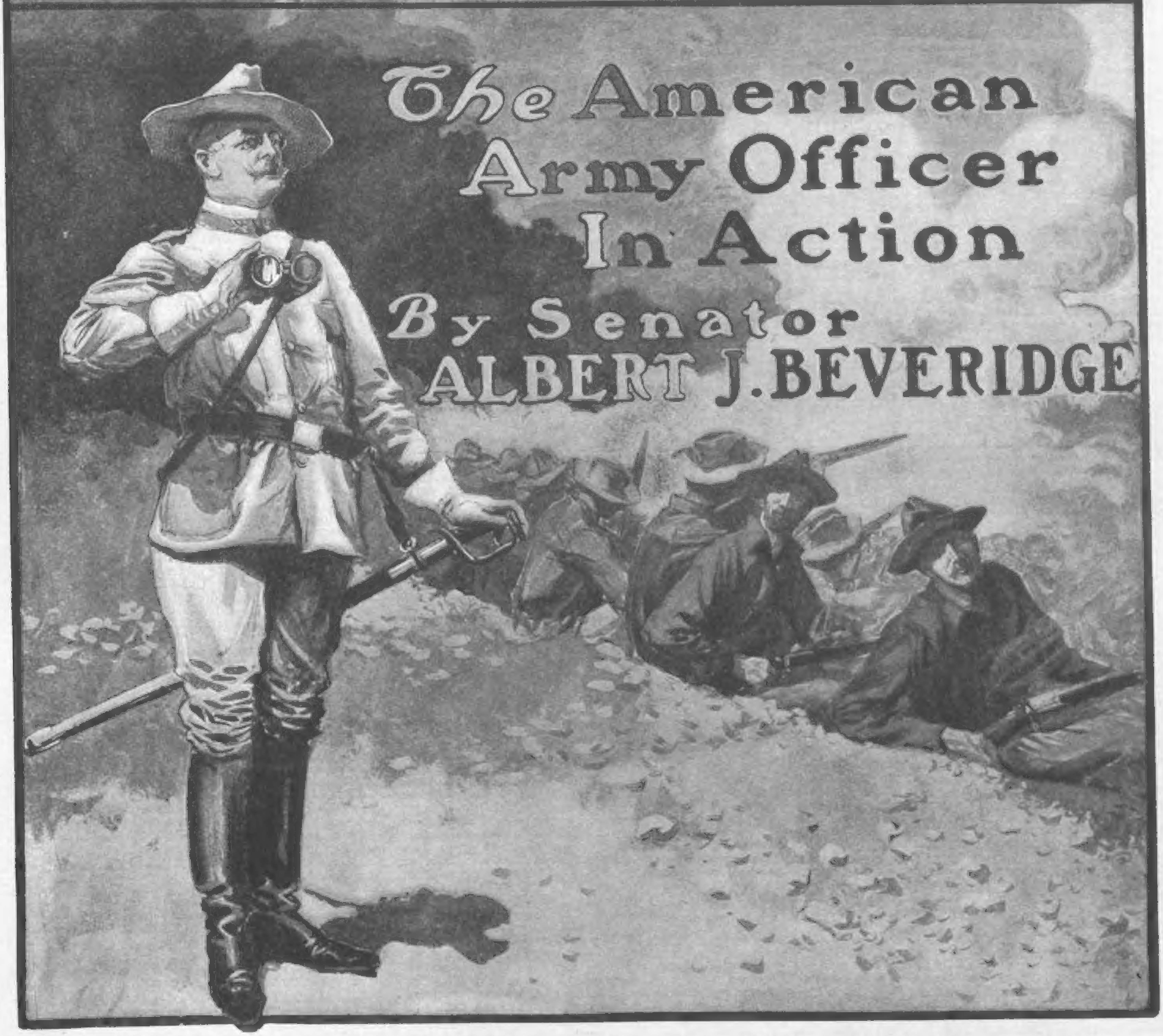

The American Army Officer In Action

By Senator ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

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Drawings by B. Martin Justice

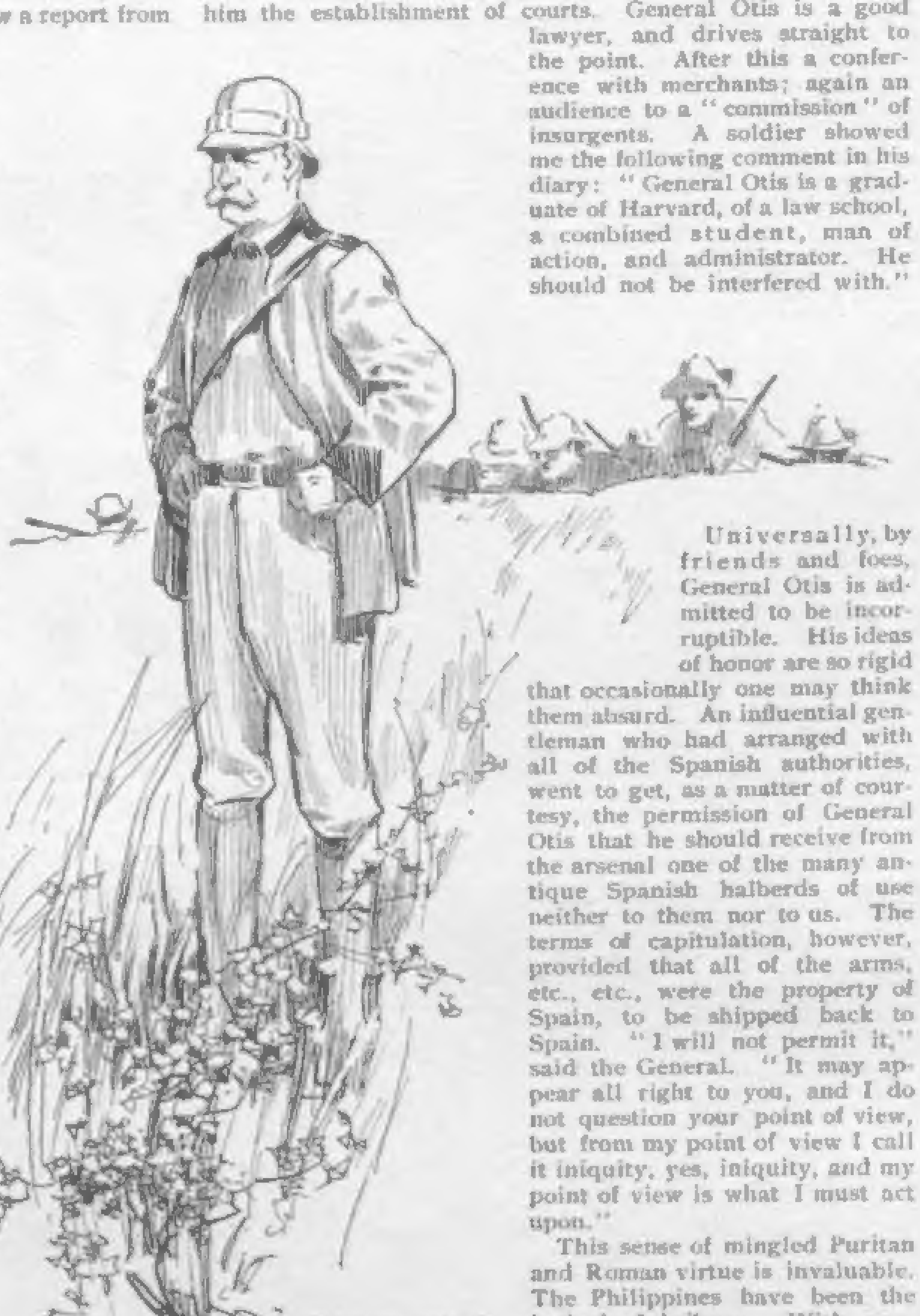
"YOU will not have to wait until morning; you can see him to-night," said the officer in whose mess my headquarters in Manila were established. "He is still at work, and will be for an hour yet, perhaps longer."

It was ten o'clock at night of the day of my arrival. Wishing to lose no time, I had expressed a desire to make my formal call early in the morning; but I instantly decided to take advantage of my friend's suggestion. The streets of Manila were utterly deserted. The order confining every person to his home after eight o'clock was in force. The city was strictly patrolled. The low, sharp challenge of sentries stopped us half a dozen times in the two miles that separated our place of residence from the headquarters of the Military Governor.

As we entered the great door of the immense Spanish "palace" we felt ourselves among the stage settings of Gillette's Secret Service: to the left the busy click of telegraph instruments, soldier operators at the desks; now a report from MacArthur at San Fernando; now a report from Lawton at Laguna de Bay; now another from a distant quarter of the city. It was a spot of infinite vigilance and infinite order.

We sent up cards. A middle-sized, bald-headed, black-eyebrowed man, with gray side-whiskers, leaving clear and clean the "steel-trap jaw" of the thoroughbred American fighter, came down the stairs to greet us. His voice is low, rich, firm, wonderfully musical. His eyes are so dark a gray that you must not be surprised to hear some declare they are brown. It is an extraordinary eye. You cannot tell which quality predominates in it, alertness or calmness. He wears a simple uniform of yellowish khaki, with nothing but the narrow shoulder straps to indicate his rank. A fine courtesy distinguishes his manners.

We went to the office on the second floor. The walls were hid with maps. On a great desk lay a hand map. "The military situation is this," said he; "Aguinaldo, with his pretended government, is here. Luna, with ten thousand men, is there. Their relations are strained and becoming bitter. One will assassinate the other before very long. Pilo del Pilar is on this peninsula, with four thousand men; this force well armed. A large but indefinite number of armed insurgents are here in Cavite Province, where they are left undisturbed, in hopes that they will all finally concentrate there. Our plans are"—and in a few brief, luminous sentences I was given the disposition of every armed force of the enemy, of our own troops, of our plans as far as developed, of the situation of the other islands. In the light of after events it would appear that no other plan could have been pursued with better results than the course actually followed, except in the single particular of underestimating the work and the number required to do it. Still a few more of the same comprehensive and yet simple statements, and a bird's-eye view of the civil situation was before me. The reports of feebleness, of timidity, of a muddled head and a malignant heart, were certainly not confirmed by this first interview; for it was General Otis himself who was speaking.



"I had seen Lawton the target for an entire Filipino fusillade"

A Big City Run by Military Clockwork

In the Governor's office in the walled city, at seven o'clock next morning, I again found General Otis at work. I had left him at nearly twelve o'clock the night before, still at work. Again I was impressed with the reign of system at headquarters, and the mastery of the Governor over all. Here were offices devoted to commissary and transportation, with an officer in charge whose talent in commercial life would place him at the head of a railroad system. Every man who studiously investigated affairs in the Philippines will gladly testify to this. The Governor had the details of the department at his fingers' ends. Here was an office devoted to communication with other islands; here another devoted to the legal department, and so on; and yet the Governor was a master of the minutiæ of each. Fault has been found with his attention to little things; but when one remembers that Napoleon stopped a wagon in an artillery train on one of his marches, asking the officer in charge for a statement of its contents, which, not being furnished, Napoleon supplied offhand himself, and had his statement verified by an examination then and there; when one recalls that Frederick the Great knew the equipment, to a musket, of every man in his army, was his own Treasurer, Secretary of State, and, in fact, his own entire Cabinet, and yet found time for flute playing; when one reads that Cæsar knew by name every man in all his legions; and, in short, when one recalls the fabulous mastery of detail which all great soldiers have possessed, one pauses before denouncing as a fault the same thing when found in one of our own soldiers.

General Otis' Mastery of the Minutest Details

I suggested that I had heard on good authority that a certain ship had been doing illicit trading. Instantly General Otis corrected me as to a slight mistake in one syllable of the name of the ship, giving its true name, the ports it had called at, the name of its officer, what it had carried, and every instance of an obscure transaction. Then he sent for records and verified all he had stated. It was a mere incident in the enormous task of the civil government of the islands.

The next moment a group of Mestizos was discussing with him the establishment of courts. General Otis is a good lawyer, and drives straight to the point. After this a conference with merchants; again an audience to a "commission" of insurgents. A soldier showed me the following comment in his diary: "General Otis is a graduate of Harvard, of a law school, a combined student, man of action, and administrator. He should not be interfered with."

Universally, by friends and foes, General Otis is admitted to be incorruptible. His ideas of honor are so rigid that occasionally one may think them absurd. An influential gentleman who had arranged with all of the Spanish authorities, went to get, as a matter of courtesy, the permission of General Otis that he should receive from the arsenal one of the many antique Spanish halberds of use neither to them nor to us. The terms of capitulation, however, provided that all of the arms, etc., etc., were the property of Spain, to be shipped back to Spain. "I will not permit it," said the General. "It may appear all right to you, and I do not question your point of view, but from my point of view I call it iniquity, yes, iniquity, and my point of view is what I must act upon."

This sense of mingled Puritan and Roman virtue is invaluable. The Philippines have been the hotbed of bribery. With anything but the severest discipline they would now be the harvest field of the looter. One of our officers had detained the vessel of a certain firm. Afterward that firm sent him a letter notifying him of the departure of certain vessels for certain points ostensibly proper, but really upon different voyages from those stated. The letter inclosed a banknote of large denomination. Of course he instantly turned it over to his superior, with a full statement of the case. They had not learned the difference between the old and the new régime. With a man less stern than General Otis, and with officers of different quality from the matchless American officer, the whole service would become honeycombed with corruption.

The Young Lieutenant Who Wouldn't Rustle

Devotion to duty is the keynote to the character of the American officer in the field. I had arrived at the Bagbag River, and resolved to ride on to our extreme front, if a horse could be found.

"Rustle a horse for the Senator, won't you, Captain?" I heard a superior officer attached to the staff say to a young Lieutenant of Regulars, with title as Captain of Volunteers.

"D——d if I do," came the reply like a sabre cut. "I am in charge of the whole line of communication and supplies from here on. The bridge is down; we have got to fix rafts; I will have to ride like h—l myself all afternoon to get the stuff in camp, and I wouldn't rustle a horse for the President. I ain't got time."

The words came clear and cool through the screen of bamboos that separated us. A horse was found, however, and I rode with that same young officer most of the afternoon. The sun poured upon our heads from a cloudless sky. We wore the gray wool hat that our army wears to-day. He paid no heed, but was lost to the danger from ambush or sunstroke in the doing of his duty. Paul Revere rode no harder. We fairly thundered over the road, the few scared *amigos* darting into the banana thickets that lined our way. That night, long after dark, he reported to the commanding General his task achieved, and sank on the floor outside the door in the unconsciousness of exhaustion. I thought he had fainted, but he was only sleeping. Next morning he was at it again. He was just a soldier of the Republic, "born in the army," as the proud and yet pathetic saying goes, with no Congressman or Senator, nor any other "influence" to back him—nothing but his blood and life's best efforts to give in purchase of advancement, and this he was giving. In my first interview with Secretary Root, the first recommendation I made was for the promotion of this gallant young devotee to duty. He does not know it even yet, but his promotion is now an accomplished fact.

The Rarity of the Carpet Knight

I wish I might mention the names of many of the minor officers, heroes, gentlemen, wise in counsel, fearless and swift in execution. I am greatly tempted to mention one or two, and detail their deeds, but to mention any one and not the rest would be to do that unnamed number injustice. You cannot meet the American officer without loving him. So simple, so honest, so unaffected, so devoted, not to himself or his own advancement, but to the glory of his nation and his flag. No medicine could be so effective an antidote to the poison of base-purposed agitators, who declaim about our danger from an army of our own sons, than for the great common people to know these sons and brothers of theirs, who sprang from the very loins of the common people, and who still remain of the common people in every thought and every conviction and every purpose of their being—the gallant officers of the American Army.

I do not mean to say that they are all of this rare type. Now and then you meet a prig, a snob, a "carpet knight," a "lady soldier," with "airs," and the other familiar characteristics so abhorrent to American taste and instinct. I met one in one of the southern islands. He was full of talk. His speech was full of very broad "ahs." I was not able to run down a single gallant feat he had performed. One day, when I was with Lawton, a perfectly barbered, carefully groomed officer, immaculately dressed in white, with dainty watch chain making a decoration of gold from button to breast pocket, with a very rare piece of green jade pendant, and even with white shoes, came out to witness a certain movement. We were well out of range. He had escorted a lady to "show her the fight." The road from Manila was perfectly safe. Lawton refused him any attention. One looked from Lawton to him, and I appreciated Hotspur's experience under like circumstances.

General King, Deadly and Dainty as Aramis

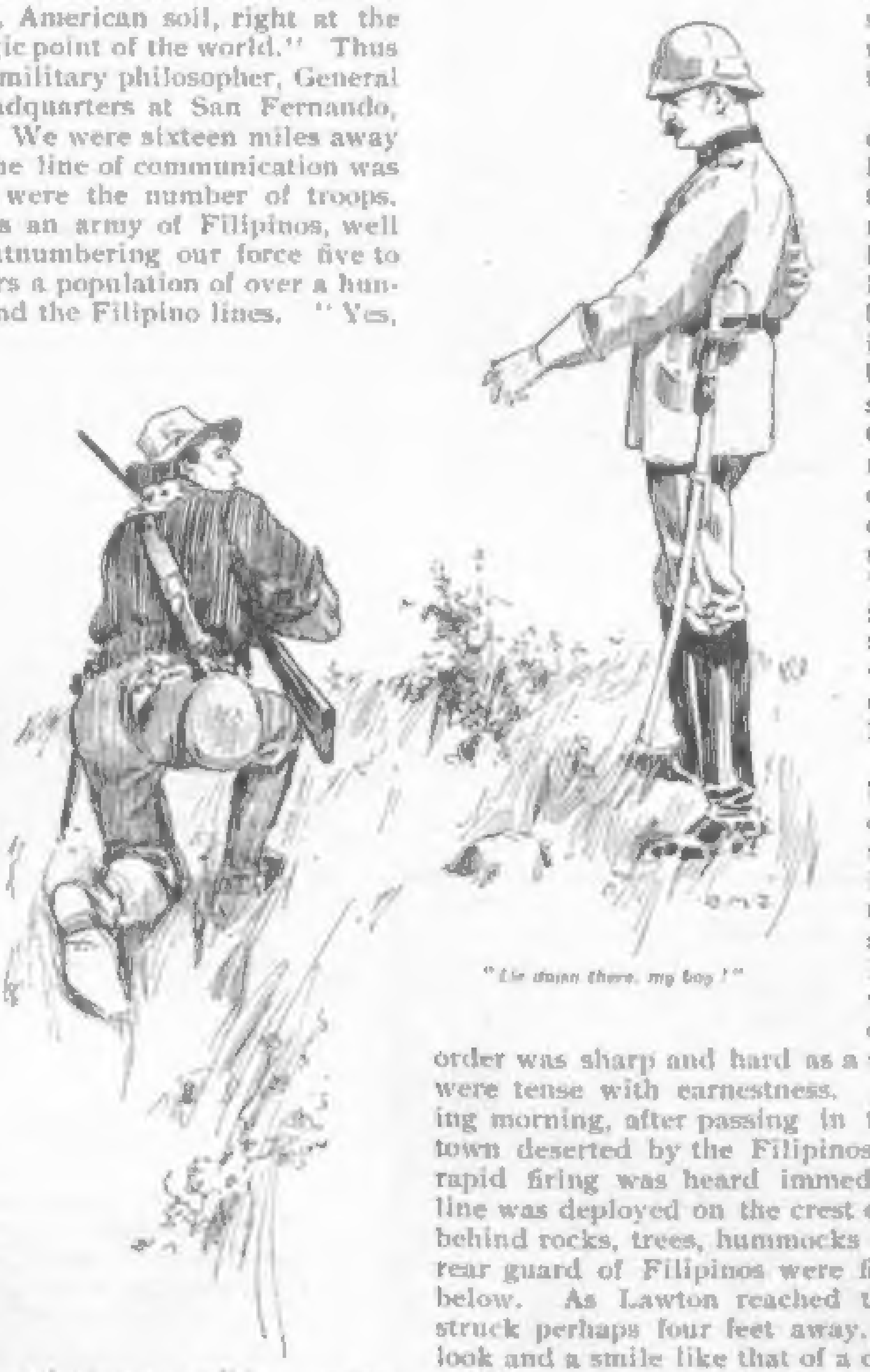
Do not understand that merely careful dressing makes the poor soldier. By no means. Our officers are nearly all excellently dressed. I saw General Charles King, for example, only once, and that was at headquarters in Manila. He was in the full perfection of dress; yet he was one of the most daring and dangerous officers to the enemy that our campaign in the Philippines has developed. He was the Aramis of our officers, as deadly as he is dainty. When one knows King, one can hear the exquisite of the Three Guardsmen saying again, in his voice of music: "All in good time, dear sir; I will kill you, never fear—but permit me to insist on killing you like a gentleman." There is something in certain personalities of such peculiar human interest that they seize hold upon the imaginations of men, and from here, there and everywhere *personalia* grow up concerning them. This is true of General King.

"You should have seen him in our fight around Manila," said one of the private soldiers to me. "He was as pretty as a girl in springtime. He was dressed in a perfectly fitting fresh uniform, and I think even had patent leather boots on. And his gauntlets! he had a new pair, it seemed to us, each morning. He looked like a ballroom soldier; but, great Scott! you should have seen him, I say. Until time to charge or do rush work, or things like that, he would make us all lie down or go behind a tree or a stone, while he himself would walk daintily along the line, a target for the whole fire of the enemy, because of his conspicuous uniform, and because he was the only one of us in sight. He was all the time talking to us, and swore like—well he just swore, that's all. 'Lie down there, —— —— it, my boy! Do you want to get your head shot off? Be careful there; don't expose yourself too much, man! Do you want to get what little sense you have shot out of you?' and such talk, with the expletives in just the right places and all the time the bullets whistling around him. He put you in mind of a scolding mother, though he was directing us how and where to shoot best; and you should hear him order a charge; yes, and see him lead it, too. And all this done so daintily that you kind o' felt as though there was a lady around. Well, maybe the boys don't love General King. We just felt we would not go out of our way to keep from getting killed, if we only knew that he could see us shot."

They say that at Santa Ana King had ordered a charge and simultaneously received orders to hold his men. He tried it, shouted the order and did everything, but stop the boys would not. Turning to a fellow-officer King said, in mingled disgust and admiration: "There goes the American Volunteer—God bless him! All h—l can't stop him." The expression got currency throughout the army, and is now a kind of a motto, a watchword. And it is so, too.

The American Officer a Thinking Sabre

"This war proves how profound are the ways of Providence. Here are the Philippines, American soil, right at the most strategic point of the world." Thus spoke that military philosopher, General MacArthur. We sat in his headquarters at San Fernando, looking out into the darkness. We were sixteen miles away from our base of supplies. The line of communication was almost unguarded, so limited were the number of troops. Around us, on either flank, was an army of Filipinos, well equipped with Mauser rifles, outnumbering our force five to one. In addition to the soldiers a population of over a hundred thousand was massed behind the Filipino lines. "Yes, we are in great danger," said General MacArthur, "or rather would be if these were any people but Filipinos. They could cut us off and crush us by weight of numbers; but a General must take into consideration not only the number and equipment, but the character of the foe." There again spoke the thinker, the reasoner. Then we walked down into the silent streets.


"Lie down there, my boy!"

The moon had gone down behind the horizon; the bamboo and banana thickets blended the sky and earth in a smudge of deeper blackness. Out over the fields that stretched southward came the hoarse howl of packs of starving dogs, left homeless and without food by the war, driven by hunger and desolation to a state of wildness like that of wolves. Once the weird sound was punctuated by a shot. A scout had just arrived, with the statement that Luna might attack that night or in the morning. The commanding General himself went to the headquarters of his officers and gave directions against any possible surprise. Our walk took us through the plaza and in front of the great church which the Filipinos had fired some days before, and which was still burning. The roof had fallen in, the flame had eaten out the doors, the ruins stood erect, like a spectre of the departed power which had dwelt within their walls. As the embers reached some buried inflammable material within, a bright flame shot up for a moment, fell, rose again, and then died out. The flame caused fantastic shadows to appear and pass and, finally, to fade; and also in its light a group of our men was revealed without, in all their rugged forcefulness of appearance and posture. "There," said the General, "are the ghosts of the old régime; here are the realities of the new."

The quality of philosophic analysis which the above remarks of General MacArthur revealed is characteristic of the American officer. No man in the world thinks out the problems that confront him more than he. No man in the world more carefully analyzes the deep meaning beneath events, and the infinite meaning beyond them. If our soldiers are "thinking bayonets," our officers are "thinking sabres."

Many a uniformed officer at the head of his troops has fallen in the far-off Philippines, and died with a smile, counting his life well given in advancing the destiny of his country and his race, whose large results are wrapped, as yet, in the unfolded centuries. Yes, he has thought it out, and where his analysis could not reach, his faith has ventured; for I have already noted the fact that the American soldier in the Philippines has some of the qualities of a fatalist.

Gen. Lawton's Contempt for Personal Danger

Such was our prince of warriors, the knightly Lawton. Coming in after one campaign, where I had seen him the target for an entire Filipino fusilade, and where, by all the laws of marksmanship, or even by accident, he ought to have fallen, I said to him: "General, you will certainly get killed if you much longer expose yourself like this."

"Yes," said he with perfect simplicity, "I know I shall, but I did this all through the Civil War; I have done it for twenty years in Indian wars; I did it in Cuba; I am doing it here. I am a soldier, you know, and that is our business. Danger is our profession. When my time comes I shall go. I have figured out the law of averages and have long since exhausted the chances in my favor." Then he named the number of chances which, according to the law of averages as computed by himself, there was of his being killed every time he went into action. "But then," said he, "that is the way a soldier should die," and added a wish of which he made me the custodian. An officer now in the Philippines wrote me the day after he was killed, recalling every word of this talk.

Directness was the key to Lawton's character. He went straight to the point, in thought, in speech, in action. He was superlatively intense. His dress, food, safety were forgotten in the absorption of the task before him. One day we ate a few mouthfuls of breakfast before sun-up. It was long past noonday before I could induce him to eat again, and then only a morsel. Sometimes his disregard of what he had on or did not have on left him grotesquely dressed. For example, at the close of a certain day of hard campaigning he was arrayed in khaki trousers, a gray wool undershirt, and a celluloid collar, not connected with it, buttoned to the front.

He rode in straight lines directly from the point where he was to the point he wanted to go, cutting across fields, regardless of roads, ambush or bullets. One day the firing line was behind a row of bamboo trees. Apparently nothing was being accomplished by the fire. Lawton did not send an orderly to have the Colonel report to him. He rode directly across the field, exposed to such fire as the enemy were returning, hunted up the Colonel and said: "What are you stopping here for? Get your men into that town." And without another word rode to another portion of the field, giving personally his orders.

On one occasion he was bitterly out of humor because of the failure of a certain plan made possible by the lack of initiative of the officer intrusted with the execution of a part of it. Not a smile lighted up that stern face the whole day. Not a soft word came from the lips. Every order was sharp and hard as a sabre blade. His very tones were tense with earnestness. Riding up a hill, the following morning, after passing in the greatest peril through a town deserted by the Filipinos only a few minutes before, rapid firing was heard immediately ahead. Our advance line was deployed on the crest of the hill, the men concealed behind rocks, trees, hummocks of earth, and what not. The rear guard of Filipinos were firing briskly from the valley below. As Lawton reached the top of the hill a bullet struck perhaps four feet away. He turned, with a pleased look and a smile like that of a child, and said:

"Ha! If that fellow had raised his gun a sixteenth of an inch it would have got you or me—one, sure."

Wheeling his horse from the road he galloped to the very edge of the declivity, and there calmly stood for perhaps fifteen minutes, the target of the entire Filipino force. It was not foolhardiness. It was disregard of his own safety in order to have the most complete regard for the safety of his men. He was simply calculating the number of the enemy left behind, and the probable intentions of their commander. He was simply calculating precisely what to do. In this calculating his mind became oblivious to personal danger. He was for the moment a mere machine of thought.

And yet courage was not the distinguishing characteristic of Lawton as a soldier; neither was his care of his men, although both of these qualities were abnormal in him. But his crowning quality was his absolute concentration of mind upon the plan on which he was engaged; upon the necessary modifications of that plan as the action progressed—upon the effect of this or that or the other order. Lawton was above all a planner, a contriver, a calculator. The brilliancy of his execution has blinded the popular mind to this more valuable quality, just as in all men the more showy quality is apt to obscure the stronger ones. Cæsar, you will remember, was known as a captivating orator long before the public ever thought of him as an organizer and a warrior; and, indeed, he was lightly considered, by the judicious, as a fashionable young man with a facility for speech and gambling, until destiny offered him opportunity to show the great creative qualities of organization and command. So, when Lawton, in the accounts of him that fill the popular imagination, appeared to be foolishly risking his life, he was, as a matter of fact, so intently thinking, that, at the moment, danger did not occur to him, although whirring deaths were flying past him all the time.

Lawton's Care for the Safety of His Men

I have mentioned his concern for the safety of others. An instance: We had advanced alone, along the road over which the Filipinos had retreated, so short a time before that bits of their food, which they had thrown away, were lying here and there, still fresh. On either side were the thickets, and perfect opportunities for ambush. Ahead of us, perhaps four or five yards, went the omnipresent military "point"—that is, from three to five men on foot, with guns in hand, ready for instant fire. Just before rounding a bend in the road, Lawton swung himself off of his horse on the outer side, that the animal might rest while he thought out, if he could, what had become of a column he had dispatched the day before, and which he had expected to meet many hours earlier. He happened to glance up, just before the "point" had gotten around the bend in the road.

"Hold on there, men! Stop! Stop! There is a barricade ahead of you. Don't expose yourselves."

And the men who were keeping to the inside of the road and had not yet seen around the bend, instantly halted, getting farther under cover. But Lawton sprang upon his horse and galloped straight up the road and into and through the skillfully constructed intrenchment across it. As we rode through it, his only comment was: "Well! that is the best road barricade ever I saw." It was of earth and stones about four feet thick, with bamboo walls on either side, perhaps six feet high, and with a space of four to five inches through which to shoot, and an aperture through which a horse could go. He was asked whether there might not have been Filipinos behind it. "Why, yes, like as not," he replied, "but after I told the men to stop down there, I made up my mind that if there had been Filipinos here, they would have picked us off when we were sitting on the hill over yonder. Anyhow I can't stop this morning for anything like that." It is the only instance I ever observed of apparently unnecessary recklessness on his part.

He was kind in the extreme to his soldiers, and yet not ostentatiously so. He did not "honey" them, as officers who seek popularity sometimes do—and mistakenly always. He did not hesitate to order them on exhausting marches; to send them on a charge where death was certain; nor to do anything else with them which, in his opinion, the situation demanded. He required of them service, service, service, as he required the same, and as hard, of himself. And yet the men's love for him exceeded that of any affection I ever saw men display for another.

One intensely hot day two thousand men had been marching and fighting. As Lawton came along they had halted and thrown themselves in the shade of bushes by the roadside, most of them panting like dogs, some of them climbing down the steep sides of the ravine to get a canteen of warm water from a stream below, and in all the attitudes of intense heat and exhaustion. They were growling and grumbling, as the Anglo-Saxon is wont to do when he is uncomfortable; but as Lawton rode along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but, as his manner was, straight ahead of him, the low-toned exclamation, full of affection, was constantly heard: "There goes the old man, God bless him."

If he spared his men in any degree, however, it cannot be said that he spared his officers any more than he did himself. Arriving at Pasig, one night, orders he had given earlier in the day apparently had not been executed to his satisfaction. That night, at midnight, accompanied by one officer and his guest, he went up the Pasig River, in a boat run by a Kansas man and a Filipino engineer and fireman. The night was moonless. The Pasig River is full of sharp twists and turns, with banks of thick mud, in which boats frequently got stuck. At the point where the river enters the lake the Filipinos were supposed to be in force on either side. Lawton risked mudbank and Filipino, and finally reached the open lake. It was very dark; yet he found his gunboats and held a consultation with the officer in command and returned the way he had come. We arrived at Pasig about two o'clock in the morning. Lawton threw himself on a rude bed and slept for perhaps two hours. This is a fair sample of his daily and nightly program.

The Richelieus and Sidneys of Our Army

I regret that fear of doing injustice to the great majority, by giving the names of some officers and not giving the names of all, prevents me from mentioning the Captain in charge of those gunboats on Laguna de Bay, and several other officers whose character, intelligence and courage would, in a more sanguinary conflict, on a larger stage, with heavier stakes, win them a renown surpassed by that of no soldiers in history. Now and then the public catches a

The Star-Spangled Banner

flash of these "devils of courage," Richelieus of cunning and Sidneys of generosity. They are hard workers, every one. These even include the sons of those eminent men whose appointments to the army were supposed to be secured by influence, and at which much unjust criticism has been directed. In a certain General's headquarters at the front I found a young man hard at work at one o'clock at night. He was one of these sons of distinguished and powerful fathers, whose appointment was assailed as purely political; and yet no humble clerk, no hired laborer, could have toiled more faithfully, earnestly, uncomplainingly than he.

"Who is that soldierly fellow there, General?" I asked of Lawton, as a stalwart young officer dashed up, straight as a pine tree, saluting in that fine manner that no soldier on earth but the American soldier has, and handsome in spite of the dust and grime and sweat.

"Oh, that is Captain ——," said he, and he named the son of a very eminent man in the United States, whose appointment I have seen unfavorably commented on in a portion of our press. If he was appointed with the expectation of sport, he was not receiving it; if in the expectation of ease, he had not found it. No minor employee of his father was toiling half so hard, nor half so long, each dreadful day, as this gallant young fellow, who was doing his duty with the zest which consciousness of serving as a soldier of the Republic gives to the American officer.

The Diplomacy of the Governor of Cebu

The word "Richelieu," as descriptive of the constructive cunning and hazardous courage of our officers is a fortunate one. Their action is never inspired by mere recklessness nor show. Consequences are considered. Every command is tempered by its effect as a matter of civil policy, as well as by its consequences as a military movement. The Military Governor of Cebu was trying to prevent an outbreak. When he arrived to take command of the island our troops were confined to the city itself, with the line strictly drawn at the borders of the town and the insurgents in position beyond. No fighting had yet occurred, but, day by day and hour by hour, the feeling of hostility was growing, and an outbreak was becoming imminent. This young man (for he was under forty) made up his mind to conciliate them if he could, convince them of our good intentions, and to make some arrangements with the insurgents already under arms, and with their commander, Maxelion. To do this the first step was to convince them that we were not afraid of them in a civil sense as well as in a military sense, and that we trusted them. Accordingly, he boldly rode without arms across the lines and into the enemy's country. A few days afterward I arrived. The Governor and myself, an officer of the army and the navy accompanying us, crossed the lines and rode seven miles into the interior, into and through some old fortifications that, in a former time, they had thrown up, and examined the out-of-date cannon which they had collected. The Governor, myself and my interpreter (then condemned to death by the order of the commander of these very insurgents) went to see this Filipino General at his headquarters, the other officers preferring not to go. None of us was armed. The Governor introduced me, explained the nature of the office I held, and made clear to Maxelion the whole situation. We conversed for a time, and then simply took our departure. While there we were surrounded by Maxelion's entire staff and perhaps seventy-five or a hundred Filipino soldiers. We could have been captured? Yes. We might have been killed? Yes, again. But this young Governor of the Island of Cebu, a lawyer of a Western State, felt it necessary to show, in this manner, our good intentions, our complete trust in them, and Americans' absolute fearlessness of danger. In this way he hoped to prepare the ground for permanently peaceful relations without shedding a drop of blood. It was a bold and a well-considered plan.

But this is the way it worked: After returning to the city I had a long conference, among others, with Pablo Mejia, a rich old Filipino, moderate, trustworthy and well-disposed. That night, before my ship lifted anchor, a proclamation was posted all over the city, of the most bloodthirsty character, and signed "Maxelion." A week after I left Pablo Mejia was stabbed in the streets of Cebu, as a sympathizer with the "accursed Americans."

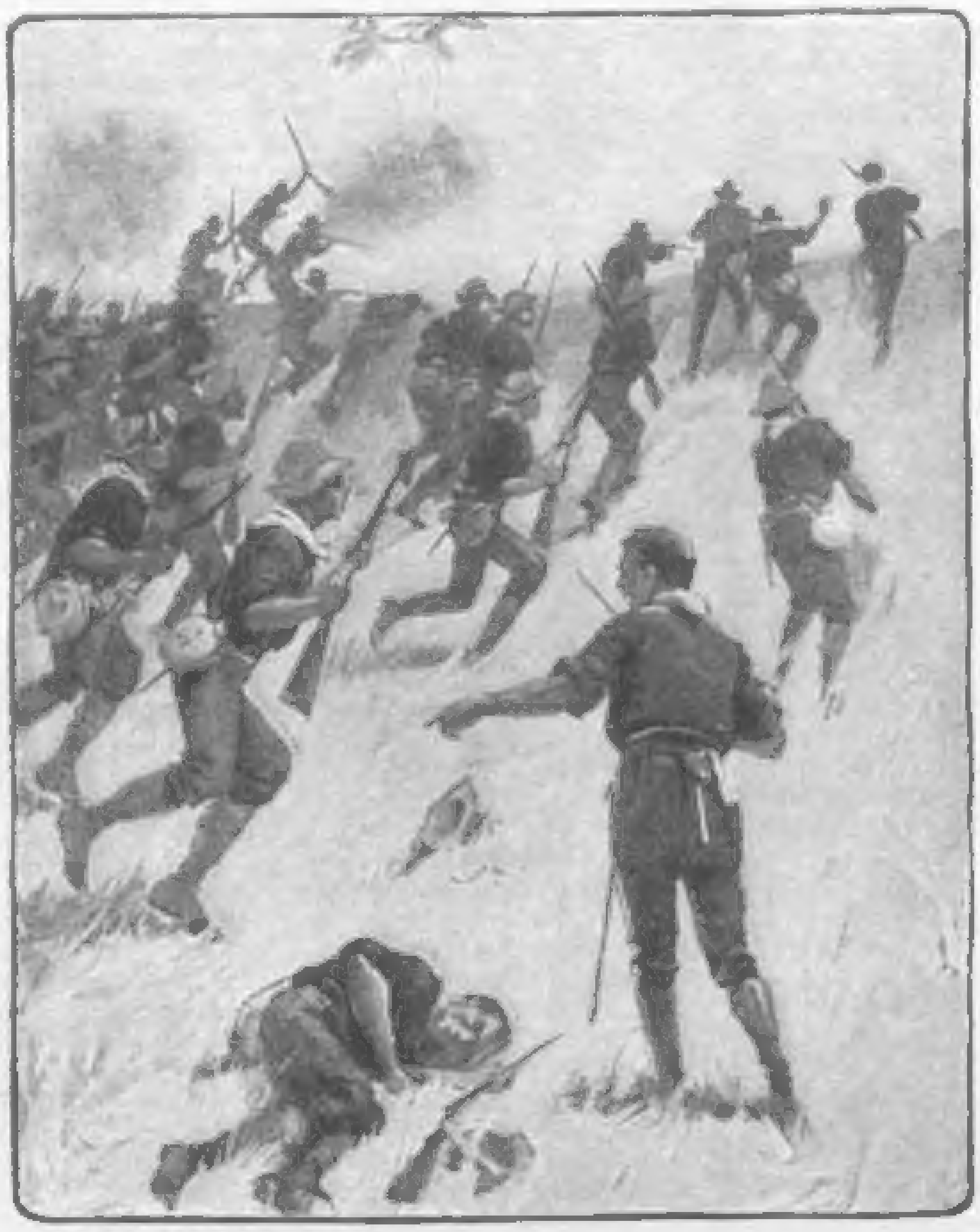
Maxelion was a forbidding-looking man. His face was full of malignity, although during our conversation his expressions were most polite and even full of the exaggerated terms and warmth of Spanish speech. His staff were very young men, all of whom scowled with great vigor upon us. Some of the soldiers looked the cutthroats which their assassination of Mejia proved them to be.

Every Lieutenant a Skilled Strategist

Above all, the American officer is a gentleman. Of course, this is taken for granted, and it is a certain kind of offense to call attention to it; and yet the sensitive observer is strikingly impressed with the fact that the roughness, the essential coarseness, even the brutality which accompanies campaigning, does not dull the edge of the fine conduct and spirit which makes of the American officer the ideal gentleman of the world. That does not mean that he does not work quite as hard as any private soldier; nor that he does not risk his life much more than the private soldier. Once at the front I saw an officer of high rank report to the commanding General at one o'clock at night, from a reconnaissance which he had made himself with only two of his men. The rest had been sleeping for hours. He was weary to the point of deadly exhaustion. He had come back to us with his life by a miracle. He stepped out of the night and into the presence of his commander like a cavalier out of an old picture. He saluted and made his report as simply as you would detail the most commonplace incident. In answer to the General's questions, he rapidly sketched what to him appeared the strategy of the situation, and then went to his bed, which was the bare floor of a bamboo shack. I was on my own horse and saw the sun rise next morning, but this officer was already gone.

The incident of his outlining what he thought were the salient circumstances of the situation which confronted us reveals another very prominent characteristic of the American officer. Most of them are excellent strategists; all of them are military thinkers. You cannot find a Lieutenant who has not a clear and plausible theory of operation in any given position. They are students of maps. They are map makers themselves. Their combinations are as definite as their execution is expeditious. A Lieutenant of Regulars, with title of Captain of Volunteers (and, I hope, now Captain of Regulars), described to me a plan of campaign with San Fernando as base which, in theory at least, was perfect. A portion of it was afterward adopted.

With some extraordinary exceptions the execution of any plan devised ought to be left to our younger officers. I participated in one campaign where the enemy were, on paper, mathematically trapped. The catching of them was a certainty. Neither Napoleon nor Von Moltke ever devised a more skillful plan. It involved the movements at given times, and in a given way, of several columns. The command of one was given to a gallant but very old officer, noted not only for his daring, his devotion to duty, but also for his lack of initiative and originality. He encountered a trifling obstacle in the execution of his general orders, and, instead of overcoming it by common-sense methods, instead of relying upon the vigor and courage of his men, he did what the books of strategy said that in general he should do under like circumstances. The result was that, like Grouchy, he arrived too late. The whole movement was spoiled, the enemy escaped, and, in spite of gallantry and unbelievable exertions of officers and men, the whole campaign collapsed. On the contrary, the columns that were in charge of young officers executed their movements with brilliancy, vigor and to the exact minute.



DRAWN BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

"THERE GOES THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER"

"I think we ought to get out of this," said an elderly artillery officer of the regular army, as we stood in the bamboo thickets of one of our advanced outposts. "What in —— does the United States want with this country? What in —— and —— do they want with these 'niggers'? I tell you I am 'hot,' physically and mentally." (And he wiped the sweat from his face.) "I am uncomfortable," he continued. "I am tired of this, and I want to get back. Excuse me from being stationed away out here and having to bring my family." "Well, Major," said a blue-eyed young Captain (we were all engaged in desultory talk, and rank does not enter into that), "as for me, here is the place I want to be. You are uncomfortable, yes; but when was soldiering ever comfortable? We are taking part in the inevitable expansion of our great race, and, in my time, I shall have been able to win no glory equal to the glory of being a part of that predestined expansion."

There spoke the military man, who, in the long period of peace, had lost the idea and purposes of his profession, and considered the army as a sort of a necessary establishment without a mission, without active work to do, and himself as a rightful part of it. He felt that he practically owned his office; that the office consisted in wearing the uniform and going through the routine of the army establishment in time of peace. But a long period of domestic bliss, and all the allurements of our past generation of peace, had erased from his conscience all the sharp, keen and elemental ideas of soldierhood which makes the real soldier possible, and not only possible, but endurable and tolerable.

There spoke, too, the earnest, irresistible militant spirit of the young officer who wants active service, who asks only an *opportunity* to win his spurs, who is willing to pay his blood as the price of them, and to exchange his life for an honorable recognition in the service of his country.

The Star-Spangled Banner on the Luneta

If I have not made clear the religious and fatalistic adoration of the flag which inspires the American soldier and officer alike, let the following illustrate it now: It is a scene which you may witness on the Luneta of Manila any evening as the sun sinks behind the waters of Manila Bay. This famous combined park and driveway at that hour is thronged by a circulating procession of carriages, filled with Mestizos in their most effective toilettes, and with white-clad officers who are in Manila after duty for the day, or who are in the city on leave. The seats along the driveway, all the walking space, and the sward next to the beach are filled with our khaki-clad soldiers, their keen, young faces showing their enjoyment as they drink in every impression.

Now and then a young face looks wistfully out over the sea, with thoughts of home in every feature. On the bandstand in the centre is a regimental band rendering all manner of tunes and airs, lively and pathetic, jolly and sad. Around and around sweeps the circle of carriages, up and down move the walking throngs, gradually crystallizing, however, about the central point from which the fountain of music throws its sprays of sound into the air. Some lively, fantastic composition has ended amid laughter and applause. Then the strains of Home, Sweet Home float out upon the air, and a sadness and silence steals over the constantly increasing throng. It is finished in silence, and then a great wave of earnest applause comes up from thousands of hands. The sun is sinking rapidly in the west, and the whole horizon is a panorama of spangled flame. There are no sunsets in the world comparable to those gorgeous and astounding pictures that stream oceanward athwart the sky of Manila at close of day. To the east the heavens assume a hue of minor, mistlike and tender purple. The whole atmosphere is full of beauty, beatitude and benediction.

The Religion of Officer and Private

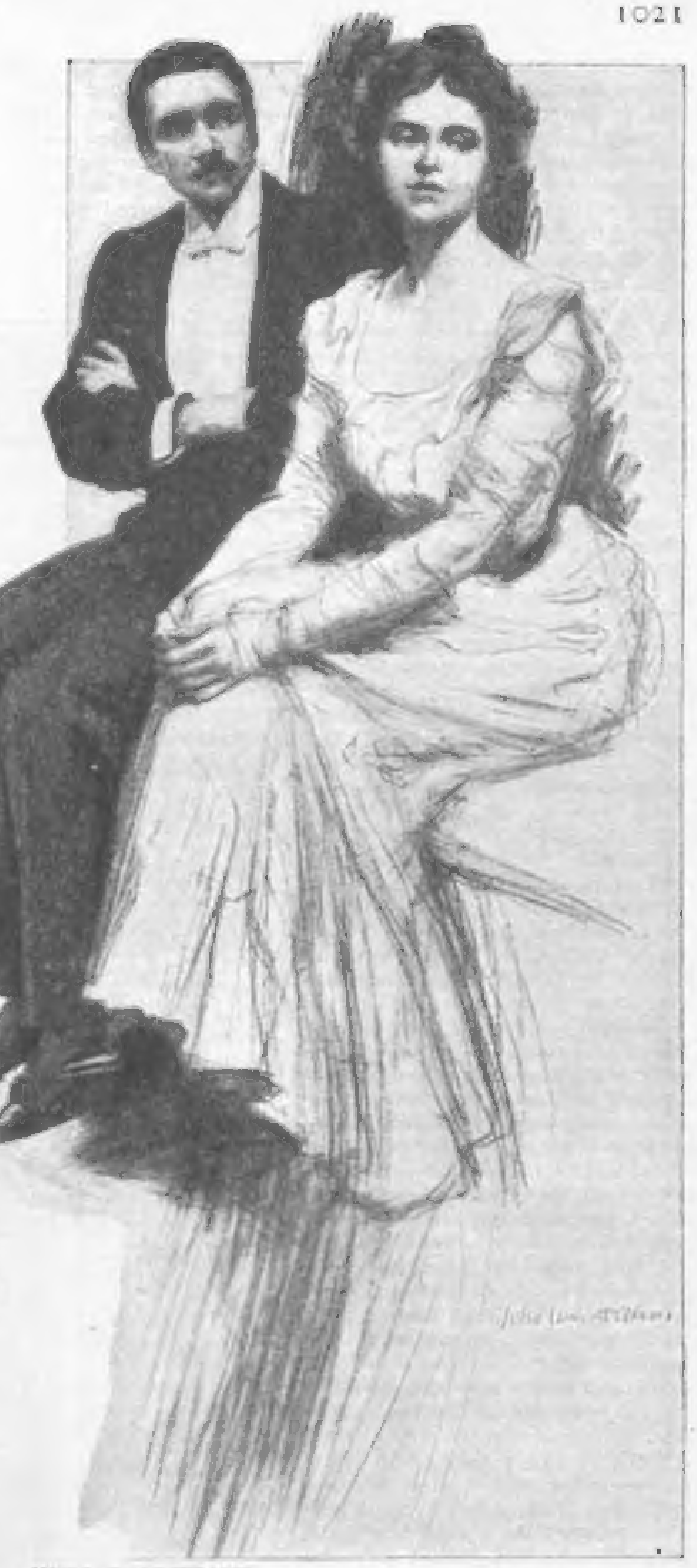
I have just returned to the city, and am taking an hour of the evening air with one of the most brilliant officers of the army, one of those gay, reckless, dare-devil, and sometimes profane men, whom you would never believe had a spark of religion in his champagne-like character—one of the type of that soldier of Napoleon, described by Conan Doyle, who went to death with a jest, who received his mortal wound with a laugh, and who said to his comrade: "Will you not kindly present my compliments to madame, and say that I cannot attend her dinner next week on account of circumstances over which I have no control?" and then, still laughing, died. Some quip even now was on my friend's lips. We had driven into a throng of fine young fellows, of whom he was the life and the soul. The band had, a moment before, ceased playing some ranting, rollicking air, and the laughter still echoed and the applause was just dying out. The sun now had touched the water beyond Corregidor. The leader moved his baton, and suddenly, with that slow, majestic and thrilling movement, the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner arose upon the air. The jest upon the lips of my merry friend was hushed, and, stepping from the carriage, he stood erect, his cap lifted from his head and held across his heart. His action was imitated by all the rest of that gay and careless crowd. Everywhere this beautiful phenomenon of patriotism occurred. Hardened regulars who had seen service with the Indians for years; fresh-faced boys just from the soft comforts of their homes; private and officer, servant and general, all arose, uncovered and stood in the attitude of prayer. And it was a prayer. When the last strains had died away, my friend turned to me and said:

"That, Senator, is my religion. We all believe in the divine destiny of that flag. We all believe that it is a sacred banner. We may jest and joke, but there is not a man of us who, in his heart, does not feel, and deeply *know*, that our people are a peculiar people; that our nation is God's chosen nation for the doing of His inscrutable work. Ours is an unquestioning, unarguing faith, we are Mohammedans of Christian patriotism, and to us the Flag is the symbol of all for which we are willing and happy and blest to die."

The sun had gone, the night was there, and in a silence whose meaning stillness was itself the very wine of eloquence, we rode to our quarters, while in our hearts and through the corridors of our brain the aspiring music of our national anthem still echoed. It was not a far cry for the imagination to see, not only our own soldiers with hats off, when the first notes of that sacred composition floats upon the air, but all the world, and even the crowned heads thereof, uncover to the sacred strains of The Star-Spangled Banner.

A Sequence *in* Hearts

By Lilian Quiller-Couch



DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

"AND YOU THINK ALL MEN STUPID?"

"PATRICIA, dearest: Mr. Featherstone-Hope. Mr. Featherstone-Hope: Miss Pomeroy."

I bowed. Mr. Featherstone-Hope bowed. Mrs. Randall smiled on us.

"You must be my understudy, Mr. Hope," she protested archly; "Miss Pomeroy's caretaker, you know. The poor child is weary with handling bullion. *So* kind of you. I'm sure you'll get on together. Tea or coffee, dear?"

"Coffee, please," I answered, appropriating that remnant of Mrs. Randall's remark which propriety seemed to assign to me. Then she fluttered away to pair and set prattling some other two aimless individuals, and so prove herself a successful hostess. Mr. Featherstone-Hope accepted his part and set out to perform it. I sat in the tea-room and waited.

It was the evening of the E. U. Z. W. X. Bazar. I think the lettering is correct, but won't be sure. I had devoted an eight-hour day to violating taste and conscience selling things — and persons — in the interest of a charity which Mrs. Randall had been fearless enough to float but not strong enough to save.

For myself the commercial instinct had that day been born and brought to full vigor in me. I gloried, too, in nefarious acts. I pitied no one — but the E. U. Z. W. X.'s for whom I toiled. I had become hungry, however, and I turned now from the hall and looked anxiously for Mr. Featherstone-Hope. In Mr. Featherstone-Hope as a man I felt no interest, but as a bearer of sustenance I was concerned about him.

To be uninterested in Mr. Featherstone-Hope displayed, of course, an ill-balanced mind, but in my defense let it be said that for three months young men had been introduced to me with steady continuity; and, never having made a study myself of their obviously favorite subject, the weather, I had, during those three months, found myself at each introduction at a disadvantage. I was beginning, too, to feel a trifle groovy, and at the end of my hard days looked with a rather jaundiced mind's eye toward the barometer as about to be discussed by Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

When Mr. Featherstone-Hope did appear, followed by a waiter bearing cups of coffee and food, I selected the largest cup and the largest sandwich, and leaned back with a sigh of placid resignation to await the inevitable.

Mr. Featherstone-Hope sank down on one corner of the settee (I was already on the other) and absently pivoted his cup on his fingers. I watched it as I ate and waited.

"It is really quite safe."

I jumped.

"I beg your pardon" he added, with compunction, looking from me to the mirror facing us, "but your reflection seemed anxious. I startled you?"

"Oh, no; not at all, only it was so — so different."

"Different?" he questioned, a little puzzled.

"I was expecting — I mean, I thought — you would have said that it is a fine day," I explained in an injured tone.

"I don't see why," he remarked stiffly, "considering it has rained hard all the afternoon."

"Oh, has it? Still — you might have said — it *wasn't*."

"Of course, if you like that sort of thing ——"

"Oh, it really doesn't matter, only ——"

"To tell the truth, I know very little about it."

"Oh!" I sighed in relief.

"Why, I thought you missed it," he protested.

"Missed what?" I asked absently. I was thinking of his eyes.

"The weather," he said, seeming a little surprised.

"Oh! Ah! Yes, the weather. Thank you, but I would rather miss it."

"Suffered?" He smiled with understanding.

"A little," I admitted. "Three months ago I came from ——" I hesitated.

"Greenwich?"

"I mean — for three months I've been hearing a good deal about it, and ——"

"And now you consider you've probed human nature ——"

"I hadn't to probe," I interpolated.

"And you think all men stupid?"

"Not so much 'stupid,'" I said graciously, "as faithful to — to their traditions, you know."

"Now I," he declared, "generally find less stupidity in persons than I expect."

"'Than you *expect*,'" I repeated. "That is just a personal pessimism. You should not blame over-hopefulness in another. Of course, if you start with low ideals —— Besides, I was speaking of *men*."

"You imply ——?"

"Well, isn't it so?"

"Please tell me, Miss Pomeroy, *where* you came from three months ago?"

"Please tell me, Mr. Hope, of the persons who have less stupidity than you expect?" I returned.

I sighed as I looked around the tea-room. "I cannot imagine any of these, for instance, talking anything but meteorology," I persisted.

"You lack imagination, Miss Pomeroy. Look, for instance, at that fellow and that girl over there by the window. I can imagine that she is now telling him she can never be more than a sister to him."

"I shouldn't think he'd insist," I commented as I scrutinized the lady in question.

"On that couch," continued Mr. Featherstone-Hope, ignoring my trivial mind and looking in another direction, "sits the most dangerous woman in London. She is not talking at this moment, she is looking at us; and when she speaks to you — which she will make a point of doing as soon as I turn my back — I *think* it won't be about the weather. She will probably tell you that I am the stupidest man in London."

"She will be crueler to you than you are to her," I observed. "How did you ruffle her?"

"I disappointed her. We have mutual friends. In me she hoped for an encyclopædia; she found a platitude. She is now amazed at your toleration. By and by she will cross-examine you."

"She will begin by telling me it rained this afternoon," I affirmed mournfully.

There was a short silence. Mr. Featherstone-Hope looked at me. I know, because I was looking in the mirror.

"Mayn't I sell you something?" I said, rising. I had been forty-five minutes on that settee. He brightened. "My stall is needlework," I added faintly. He set his teeth but seemed undaunted.

"Is there anything left?" he asked anxiously when I had led the way to my derelict.

"Oh, yes," I declared cheerfully as I pounced on something striped and woolly and yards long. "This is a muffler. You see, you put it twice around your neck and tie the ends — fringed ends."

"Most comfortable," he agreed.

"Save you from endless colds."

"Exactly. The very thing for — for every one if he would only realize it. People are so narrow-minded in Piccadilly."

"One man of courage could revolutionize a street," I declared scornfully.

"Undoubtedly — with that muffler," he agreed.

"Of course — with that muffler."

"The price?" he asked.

"Half a guinea. You can see there are pounds of wool in it."

"Acres!" he declared, winding it around his arm and handing me half a sovereign and sixpence.

Mr. Featherstone-Hope looked nervous.

"I see a young man hovering," he said hurriedly. "He is waiting, I think, for a smile, but he might be pacified by an antimacassar."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, looking down the hall at the approaching Mr. Sandys. "That is one of my barometers."

"*You* are simply bigoted," Mr. Featherstone-Hope declared flatly.

I smiled upon Mr. Sandys as I shook out the tassel of a smoking-cap. He drew near.

"Howdy-do, Miss Pomeroy?" he began cheerfully. "Aw'fly nice day, isn't it? Jolly warm, really."

"Aw'fly nice — and warm," I agreed, by sheer strength of will refraining from glancing in triumph at Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

Then I sold Mr. Sandys the smoking-cap.

When he had gone I looked at Mr. Featherstone-Hope. Mr. Featherstone-Hope looked at me.

"I am abased," he said.

"I am going now," I observed.

"Miss Pomeroy. May I — may I go with you?"

"Where?" I demanded sternly.

"To the end of — I mean to your door."

I looked at the clock.

"An hour and five minutes ago," I murmured to space, "I did not know this man."

"May I, Miss Pomeroy?"

"Just sixty-five minutes ——"

"It seems five. May I?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Hope, but I am driving."

As we walked to the carriage Mr. Featherstone-Hope turned to me.

"Miss Pomeroy," he said.

"Mr. Hope," I answered.

"Tell me, *please*, where you came from three months ago."

I took my seat.

"Tell me," he pleaded.

"You will be shocked," I protested timidly.

"No, I vow — *where* was it?"

I leaned forward and held out my hand.

"From school," I said faintly. "Good-by." And I smiled deprecation.

As Mr. Featherstone-Hope closed the carriage door I think he bit his lip. But there! that might have meant *anything*.

SECOND PART

"CHIVALRY is dead," said my cousin Letitia in tart tones as we turned from St. Aldate's into Christ Church quadrangle on our way to the river.

"Oh, I wouldn't go as far as that," I urged sweetly. "Let us say 'rather ill,' or just 'unconscious.'"

Some one had bumped Letitia's arm in passing, and she was resenting it. Little Mr. Tenterden looked dejected.

We had come to Oxford with Aunt Ethel for the 'Eights,' several persons having thought that it would be very good for us, and little Mr. Tenterden (whom we used to call Dickie when we went to school with his sister) having declared that we should have a good time were it to cost him the half of his kingdom. Mr. Tenterden, it seemed, had made two recent discoveries: first, that he was what he called "gone" on my cousin Letitia; and second, that he could get himself into the tight, pale, gray suit which had evidently been sent home to him by mistake. Neither discovery seemed to bring him much joy; neither Letitia nor the suit seemed to fit him. Mr. Tenterden is small enough, goodness knows; the suit was smaller. Letitia, I may remark, though distinctly feminine in many ways — even to the point of anxiety on the matter — is distinctly large in size; and Mr. Tenterden's admiration for her reminded me of a small child gazing at an elephant.

Poor Mr. Tenterden! he used to be very "slangy" when he was "Dickie," but awe of Letitia seemed to have melted it out of him (he had heard her speak on the subject), and, possessing no other vocabulary, he remained rather silent. He gulped now when he heard Letitia's diagnosis of chivalry. I felt sorry for him.

"I'm sure," I declared consolingly as I turned my eyes toward a string of young men dressed in little things which must, I think, have been handed up to them by their small brothers — with the exception of their scarfs — "I'm sure *any* of those men now passing would be as ready to take off his — well — his scarf and throw it down for you to step over as ever Cardinal Wolsey was for Queen Rosamond."

"I should be sorry to require any one of those men to appear in an inch less clothing than he wears at present," returned Letitia severely.

"And instead of a — a garter, you know, with '*Honi soit*' and all that sort of thing on it," I continued blithely, "you could snatch your chiffon ruffle gracefully from your neck, and, tying it under his chin, declare — declare — oh, anything — anything womanly and effective, you know; Lady Jane Gray's own words, perhaps, 'I have but a little neck.' And I'm positive he'd feel just as chivalrous as Cardinal Wol ——"

"How charmed Miss Narroway should be with the result of her history lectures," said Letitia grimly.

"Yes, it's the spirit of the thing I catch," I agreed. "Anyhow, I am convinced that it's only because chivalry is not called for nowadays that one doesn't get it. I am certain that any one — Mr. Tenterden, for instance — would sacrifice his coat in a moment if a water-pipe were to burst or the river overflow; wouldn't you, Mr. Tenterden?"

"Like a shot," he declared eagerly.

"That is just what it would be like," she remarked witheringly, as her eye traveled over his straining buttons.

Again Mr. Tenterden looked dejected (Letitia does snub the poor little man unmercifully), and after that we walked rather silently along toward the barges; while Aunt Ethel and Penlip Challoner chattered away just behind us. The barge (Dickie's college barge) was rather crowded when we reached it, and almost the first person I saw was Mr. Featherstone-Hope coming toward us.

"You!" I exclaimed in surprise. "I pictured you in Piccadilly."

"It is good of you to picture me—anywhere; but, surely, Oxford would have been a kinder spot."

"Oh, I pictured all unhappy persons—in the mass, you know—panting in Piccadilly, or thereabouts, of course. The happy are, of course, here."

"Exactly."

"When did you come down—up, I mean—no, down. I don't know *which* I mean—whether to offend Oxford or London."

"I am of both, Miss Pomeroy."

"Which means——?"

"Entirely as you choose."

"Please be Oxford for the time, for," I confessed in a lowered tone, "I know nothing, *absolutely* nothing about all this," waving my hand toward the river. "And Mr. Challoner and the others, being young, naturally expect every one to know everything. Now *you*——"

"Thank you, Miss Pomeroy," he remarked stiffly.

That is so like a man to be huffy in a moment just because I happened to forget the seven gray hairs on his right temple, or whatever it is.

"Oh, it's no use going on like that," I protested. "You know quite well that I didn't mean anything of the sort—except that your mind and your shoulders are a little broader than the minds and shoulders of these nice little boys all round about us. Now, please don't go on being dignified, but just tell me——"

"Oh, Mr. Featherstone-Hope, *you* will be able to explain to me why the last boats go first and the first last. Look at my card; this is what I mean——" Letitia's voice trailed off as she moved away bearing my encyclopædic hope with her.

Letitia always does that. Why couldn't she have been content with her devoted slave, Dickie Tenterden? He wouldn't have laughed at *her*. However, the river was becoming very exciting, so I turned my attention to it.

"Well!" I cried, after a few moments of absorption, "if many more persons come up on this barge I'm sure we shall never win. As it is, I can't imagine how any crew can manage to move it with all of us on top. And I'm sure some barges have heaps more persons on them than others. It seems *horribly* unfair. Even the frocks make a difference; mine is light enough, I'm thankful," and I patted my muslin frills.

Penlip Challoner, whose face had grown more and more radiant as I proceeded, swirled on his heel at this point and became hilarious. If I had not known him so well I should have considered him overexcited. He really guffawed. I felt that it was necessary for him to be calmed.

"Hush!" I said peremptorily. "You are interrupting, shaking the place like that. They are busy down below, trying to get the oars out, I think."

"No, it's all right," he said weakly, as he recovered a little. "It's not the oars; it's merely the crew."

Then he explained a few things to me, and it didn't seem so unfair after all; and I felt really rather glad that it was not the barges, only the boats, which were to be rushed along in a race, for I'm sure I should have shrieked. Then he and Dickie Tenterden pointed out "whiffs" and "skiffs" and canoes and things to me, and told me the difference between them; there seemed a good deal at the moment.

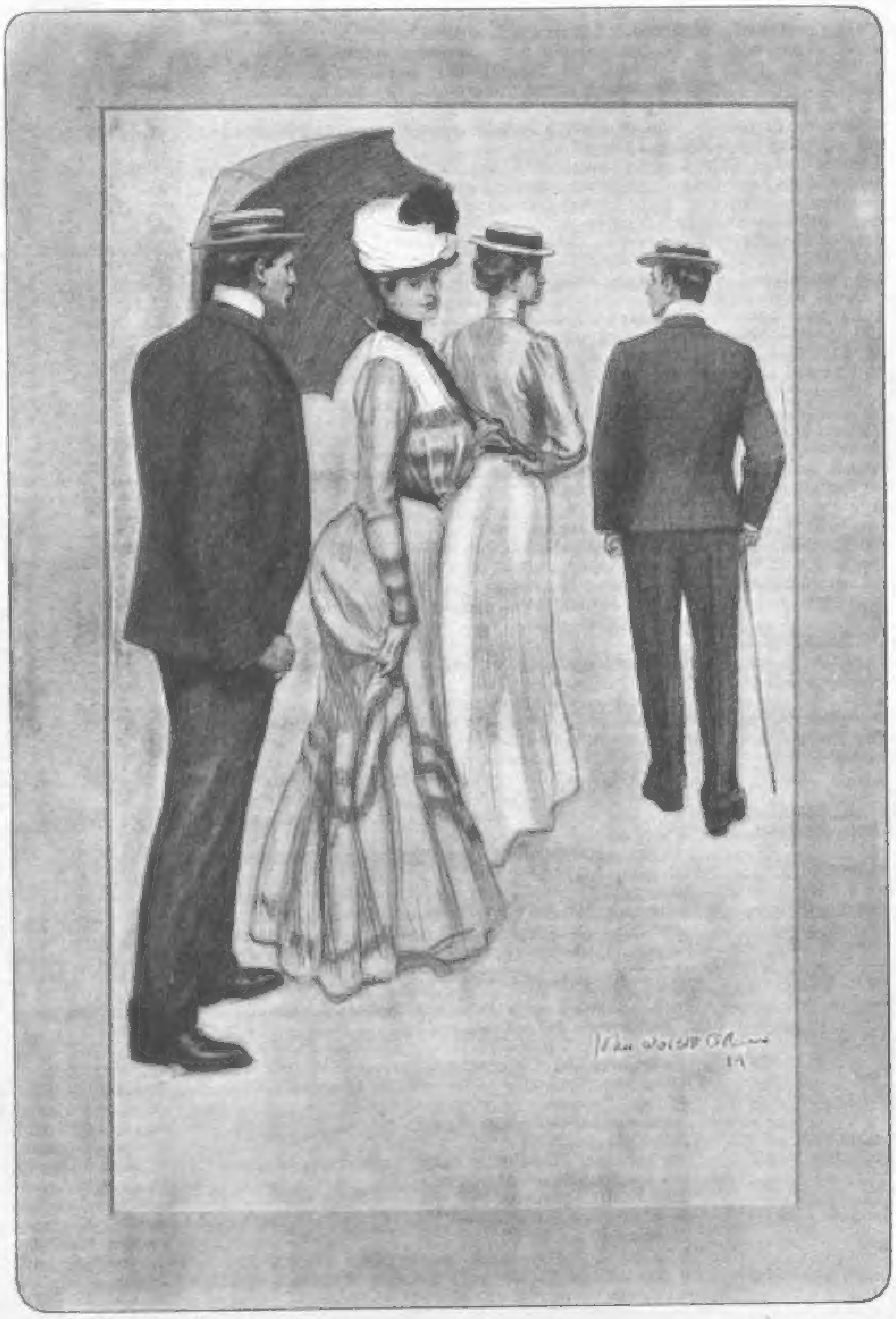
"'Eights' is such a curious name for boat races," Letitia's voice fell on my ear again as she meandered back to our group with Mr. Featherstone-Hope still alongside. "It reminds me of——" she wrinkled her brows in thought.

"Of gloves, dear?" I asked gently. Our good Letitia has what she calls "a strong hand," and says she is glad of it.

"No," she answered rather snappily. "I think it is some game it reminds me of."

"'*Vingt-et-un?*'" ventured Dickie Tenterden, laying his suggestion as a tribute before her. She wrinkled her brows again and looked down the river, vouchsafing no reply. Again Dickie looked dejected; and we all watched the water and waited.

Penlip Challoner came to the rescue at last and set things right for a while. It was at my expense, but I forgave him. He broke in upon our gloom and our ill-arranged positions by a repetition of my late remarks and gestures in illustration thereof. Every one ridiculed me, but as he had bettered matters considerably I contented myself with a threat.



DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

"YOU!" I EXCLAIMED IN SURPRISE. "I PICTURED YOU IN PICCADILLY"

"I'll take you shopping with me one day," I declared with grim determination, "and let you flounder among chiffons."

Some persons seem to think that every one else must be born with instincts respecting all the immaterial little side-dishes of life, such as Oxford and Cambridge archaisms.

"They've started," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope. Then he stooped and picked up my sunshade, handkerchief and race card, which I had happened to drop.

"Oh, I'm afraid I trod on your foot," I exclaimed remorsefully a moment later.

"Don't mention it," he replied, smiling in an exasperatingly superior way. "If it would give you a better view, *please*——"

"I am *not* excited," I answered. He smiled on, so I ignored him and gave my attention to the boats.

"Well!" I exclaimed in disgust. "It does seem cowardly, downright cowardly, to put the little men in the horridest place—yes, actually, they have done it in every single boat—just with his back to the danger; and they rush him on, poor little man! There, look! I do believe they will knock him right into the boat in front of him!"

"Oh, Mr. Featherstone-Hope," broke in Letitia, "I am going to ask a great favor of you. Aunt Ethel says she *thinks* you won't mind. *Will* you take me on the river, really *on* the river, in one of those curious boats they call 'Canadas'? Just for a *few* minutes," etc., etc.

I repossessed myself of my sunshade and sundries in dignified silence. Mr. Featherstone-Hope just suddenly breathed something, but I did not catch the word. I was rather glad I didn't.

Then Penlip Challoner suggested that I should go with him in another canoe; while Dickie Tenterden should bring Aunt Ethel in yet another as a *coup-de-grâce* (I *think* he meant *chef-d'œuvre*). So we agreed and separated in couples.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Pomeroy," called Mr. Featherstone-Hope airily, as he righted himself in the canoe and took his paddle, "there is something I wanted to ask you this afternoon, only I hadn't time. Shall I see you at the 'Grill' concert to-night?"

"I can only say that I shall be there," I answered diffidently. "The tendency of the violet——"

"Of course. Thank you. I will ask you then—if you will remind me."

"Is it worth a knot in my handkerchief?" I demanded, looking ruefully at my square of embroidered cambric.

"Well, it may amuse you," he called back as he guided the canoe slowly out from the raft.

"I should like the change," I returned, as I tied the knot and held it up to show him. Then I looked at Letitia, and I could *feel* the price at which she valued me. And a sort of echo of herself murmuring, "Chivalry is dead," seemed to drop with disgust from her lips as she looked haughtily upon Mr. Featherstone-Hope paddling her out into the stream.

* * *

In the cloisters that night I happened to draw out the handkerchief to which I had transferred the afternoon's knot. I showed it to Mr. Featherstone-Hope and reminded him of the question he wanted to ask. And he asked it.

Something or other induced me to say "Yes."

That was the *first* time I became engaged to Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

THIRD PART

"MR. FEATHERSTONE-HOPE," announced Charlotte.

And Mr. Featherstone-Hope walked—as he might naturally be expected to do—into the room.

Indeed, I had been expecting him to do this any time during the past month, and in my solitude had rehearsed many greetings for him. Now that he really had come I kept my back turned toward him till I had finished the page of my book and tapped my foot upon the floor. I am bound to admit that this actual greeting was quite unrehearsed.

The effect was all that I could desire. Mr. Featherstone-Hope was annoyed. I could tell that by his first words.

"I hope you are quite well, Miss Pomeroy?"

"*Quite* well, thank you," I replied with chilly effusiveness.

It did occur to me that this was all rather ridiculous considering that we were supposed to be engaged; but, of course, he had behaved scandalously, and I was bound to resent it.

"I just called to inquire whether you received a letter from me about a month ago," he remarked nonchalantly. (I don't believe he was feeling a bit nonchalant really, but just as mad as could be.)

"You are very kind," I murmured sweetly.

"Did you?" he demanded.

"Did I what?"

"*Did* you receive a letter from me about a month ago?"

"About a month ago?" I repeated, pondering. "From you——? It is rather far back—but, let me see; yes, I think I did."

"*Think!*" he echoed, raising his eyebrows somewhat cynically. "Perhaps with another effort you will be able to remember if you answered it."

"Perhaps," I agreed pleasantly.

He looked at the ceiling with forced calmness.

When he grew tired of that he brought his eyes downward again and looked at me. I smiled politely.

"Will you answer my question?" he asked. His civility was most elaborate.

"Certainly, if you ask me one," I assured him.

"Can you remember whether you answered it or not?"

"Yes," I declared pleasantly. "I can remember."

"Did you?"

"Did I what?"

"Did you answer it?" he almost thundered.

"Please don't shout," I remonstrated soothingly. "It sounds as if—almost as if we were quarreling."

He immediately became nonchalant again.

"I should be obliged," he said with awful calmness, "if you would tell me if you answered that letter of mine."

"Oh, certainly."

"Did you?" indifferently.

"No," with equal indifference and a yawn in miniature. Then I rearranged my cushion and leaned back again.

"A man generally prefers——" he began with slow, biting sarcasm, intended to reduce me to powder.

"Pooh," I interrupted. "What's a man!"

"A man," he began; then he rose with studied languor and went over to a bookcase. (Our bloodless warfare was taking place in the library.) Hauling down a big dictionary, he proceeded to turn the leaves, and then ran his finger down a page. "'A man,'" he repeated, "you will see here, is 'the being that thinks.'"

"Thinks a deal of himself," I commented, unimpressed.

"That fact happens to be omitted in this edition," he remarked apologetically.

After that we waited for a few moments to gather strength. He spoke first. I knew he would have to.

"Patricia."

"Mr. Featherstone-Hope," I answered.

"No," he said firmly; "Patricia."

I sighed resignation and looked at the ceiling. (The ceiling seemed to be getting an unusual amount of attention this afternoon; as a rule, we rather neglect it.) Tom—I mean Mr. Featherstone-Hope—had dropped his bitingly sarcastic tone and was hovering near anger. I felt so glad I had happened to be at home when he called.

"Listen to me, Patricia. What *can* I gather from your action?"

"My *in*action," I corrected amiably.

I think he stamped.

"What can I understand from it?" he demanded.

"I can't say, I'm sure," I debated pleasantly. "You see" (confidingly), "so much depends upon your power of imagination."

He bit his lip. I saw him.

"Did you do it wilfully?"

"Do what? I didn't do anything!"

Crash!

He had placed his fist upon a little table, and the little table had moved from before him.

"*Did—you—wilfully—leave—my—letter—unanswered?*" he thundered.

"*Yes—yes—yes—yes—yes!*" I replied in mock thunder, thumping the cushions to punctuate the words.

Then we looked at one another. I could see that he was fuming. I was rather enjoying myself. If he *chose* to be careless about his letters it was only right that he should be punished.

"Then," he said, in his high-handed sort of way, "if that is your idea of what is decent treatment from a woman to the man she is engaged to, all I can say is our engagement had better come to an end at once."

"I was waiting to make the same suggestion," I remarked placidly, "when you had done prattling."

Then we paused to allow time for the sinking in of these portentous words. And we glared at one another; and for about the first time in my life I could not think of anything to say. It would have been ridiculous to ask him if he had been to the new play; and that was the only subject I could call to mind, try as hard as ever I could—except Charlotte's tooth which had been extracted yesterday.

And thus, for the first time, was my engagement to Mr. Featherstone-Hope broken.

At length, when the silence was becoming so awful that I felt I should scream if something did not happen, and we were glaring at one another, and I was just beginning to declare that Charlotte had had a tooth out yesterday, the door opened and the convalescent Charlotte announced:

"Miss Challoner. Mr. Penlip Challoner."

I transformed my glare into a smile and rose to kiss Sybil. I should have welcomed an ostrich at that moment, and I was so glad that I had on my blue *voile* frock, for I know it is becoming, and blue is Penlip Challoner's favorite color, and it just served Mr. Featherstone-Hope right.

Sybil laughed ruefully when she saw my visitor.

"There, Pen!" she said, turning to her brother, "didn't I say so? My every instinct told me that we were coming at the very wrongest moment. Now here we are, and we're not only *de trop*, but we know it. We really won't stay long."

"You came at the *very rightest* moment," I declared, which was quite true as well as polite for once. "Mr. Featherstone-Hope is now going; aren't you, Mr. Featherstone-Hope?"

Mr. Featherstone-Hope muttered something unintelligible and proceeded to shake hands with them.

"And we interrupted your adieus!" groaned Sybil. "I do think you are magnificently forgiving."

Mr. Featherstone-Hope snapped avowals of his pleasure at the interruption with the air of a dog over a disputed bone. Penlip Challoner began to look amused. Sybil began to look puzzled.

"If you really must go, Mr. Hope," she said, a little uncertainly, "we will stay to tea. I ought to go on to the Fords'; but Patricia's tea is always stronger than theirs, and as it's Letitia Ford I'm dying to talk about it'll be more circumspect to choose somebody else's room to do it in."

"Oh, he must go, I'm afraid," I assured her pleasantly. "An engagement, I think, and I know he's horribly afraid even at the bare idea of a broken engagement, so we must not try to keep him." I drew Sybil to the other corner of my couch, then I turned to take my leave of Mr. Featherstone-Hope. "Good-by," I said sweetly, holding out my hand to him with just the faintest hint in the action that I was eager to turn my undivided attention to the others.

He had dozens of words to say, angry and otherwise. I could see that quite easily, but I didn't intend to allow him to say them; he didn't deserve an outlet for his feelings. He had been very rude to me, or at any rate, careless, which was just as bad.

He took my hand—he couldn't very well do anything else when I poked it almost under his nose—then he let it go again as if it were breakable and turned to the door. I faced toward Sybil and looked as annoyingly expectant as I could.

"Oh, by the by, Mr. Hope," I said over my shoulder, as a sort of afterthought, as I thumped my long-suffering cushion before settling my shoulders into it. "That last letter we were talking about"—I stopped to break an unsightly thread from my cushion frill. Mr. Featherstone-Hope halted with a jerk, the doorknob in his hand—"had no address on it. Such a sharp idea," I concluded, turning to Sybil.

"Ho, that dodge is played out," broke in Penlip Challoner with an innocently brutal laugh. "It's about as old as the 'previous engagement' wheeze."

"'Wheeze'!" I echoed.

"No address!" echoed Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

"No," I laughed pertinently; "the—the man evidently wished to weed out his correspondents."

A pause.

"*Good*-by," I remarked again. It did occur to me to wonder vaguely at what number of good-bys it was correct to cease from speeding the parting guest.

"I shall not go," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope obstinately, relaxing his grip of the doorknob and squaring his shoulders.

"Oh, I say, old man," remonstrated Penlip Challoner, "how about that broken engagement, you know?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope with the light of a fixed determination in his eyes. "It's the broken engagement that settles the matter."

Silence again. Then the other two suddenly fell to laughing.

"Why, I do believe——" began Sybil.

"Never mind what you believe," I snapped severely; "*I* am going to ring for tea—by proxy."

Penlip Challoner went to the bell.

"I understood," I continued, "that Mr. Featherstone-Hope wished to escape. Perhaps he, too, was going to the Fords' until you abused Letitia's tea. But, even so, *I* should have thought that *he* would have found weak tea less embarrassing than a broken engagement."

"I shall not go," repeated Mr. Featherstone-Hope, "so it's no use your talking like that. And you can't turn me out, because I'm stronger than Challoner, and you'd merely have his corpse as a tea-table decoration if you set him on."

"Pooh," said Penlip Challoner cheerfully. "It's all right, old chap. Don't you worry yourself. I don't hit a man when he's down."

"No, nor up, either," I remarked scathingly. "Of course, if Mr. Featherstone-Hope *enjoys* breaking engagements he's quite welcome to please himself. Nobody else cares." Then I gave my full attention to Sybil.

Of course, when tea came, Mr. Featherstone-Hope dropped muffins into our cups with the sugar tongs, and did odd little things of that sort; but it was really a very cheerful tea.

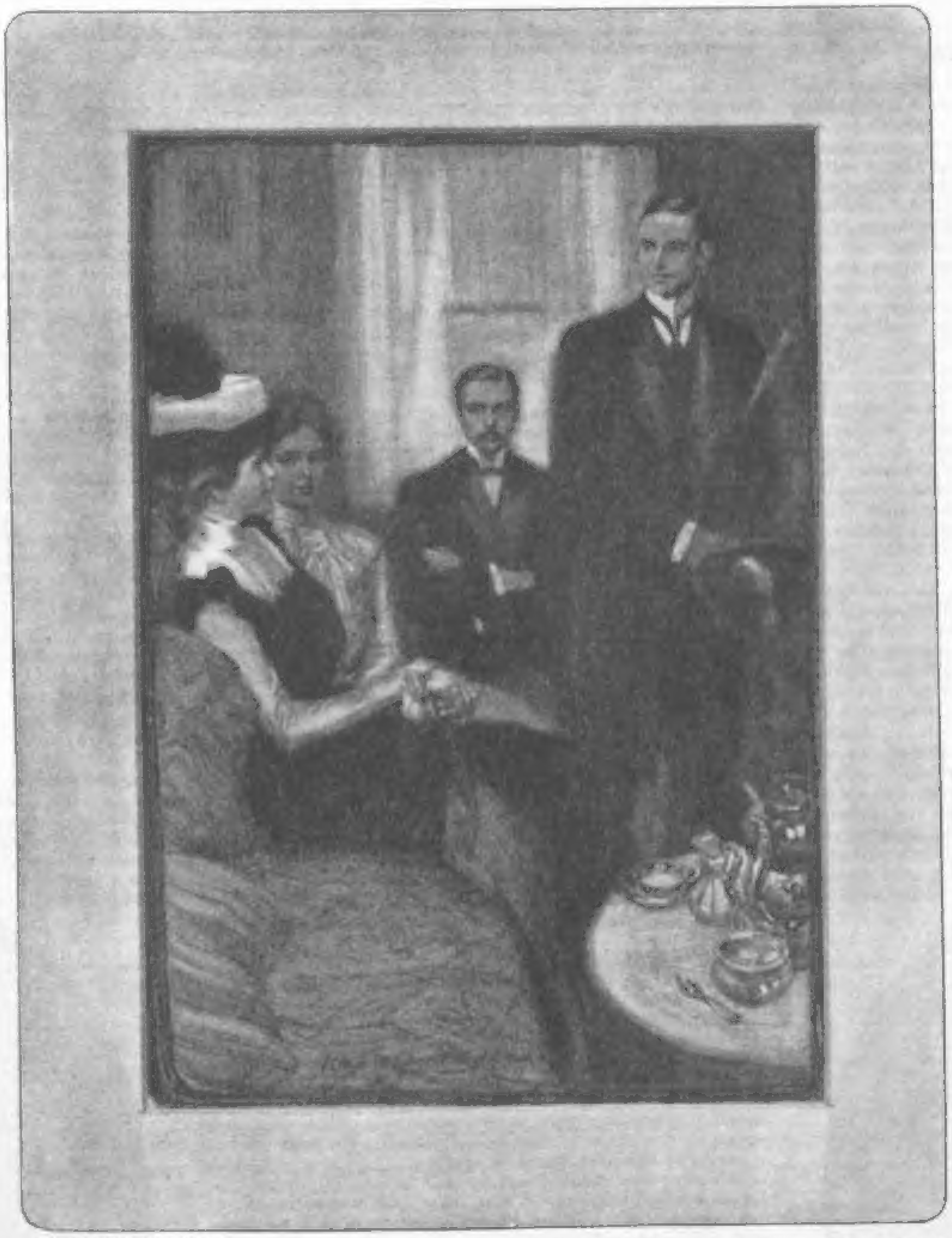
"Come along, Sybil; they are dying for us to be gone," said Penlip Challoner, when he had quite finished his sixth cup.

"How vulgar Penlip is becoming," I murmured absently.

"I shall go on now and tease Letitia," said Sybil, rising and arranging her veil. "Good-by, dear."

* * * *

Again Mr. Featherstone-Hope and I were left alone, glaring at one another; but this time we both found so much to say that we even overlapped at times and became a chorus, and Charlotte's tooth never once entered my head, and—but there—I don't suppose our affairs are so *very* interesting, after all, and I need only add that that was the second time I became engaged to Mr. Featherstone-Hope.



DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

"COME ALONG, SYBIL; THEY ARE DYING FOR US TO BE GONE"

* * *

Cheating a Biographer

MISS E. B. SIMPSON, of Edinburgh, the daughter of Sir James Young Simpson, who discovered the anæsthetic qualities of chloroform, visited this country last fall. She is the author of her father's biography for the Famous Scots series, and of Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days.

Miss Simpson is a clever writer and a woman of most engaging personality, whose Scotch accent gave a pleasant flavor to the entertaining stories she told of her gifted countryman, Louis, as she called him. Speaking of the recently published Stevenson letters, Miss Simpson said:

"Louis' letters were so unusual, so polished, we used to accuse him of writing them with an idea they would some time be published, and on one occasion when he was visiting our house my brother merrily made the charge, saying: 'See, Louis', taking at the same time a bundle of letters from his pocket, 'these were written for your biographer, I am sure of it. They are much too fine for ordinary correspondence; but he shall be cheated; he shall not have them,' and he threw the package into the fire, much to Louis' amusement."

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

GEN. JOS. R. HAWLEY

Our New Army Methods

The War Department and Congress are acting together in striving to provide new machinery for the army organization which has outgrown its former proportions. There are any number of new ideas. Out West a new war college will be established in order to train the men more thoroughly for their work. There is a suggestion that apprentice battalions be started, such as those which are now training boys for the navy, and this proposition includes the enlistment of lads not younger than sixteen nor older than eighteen years, to whom shall be given military instruction. There is now in Congress a bill to provide a dentist for every regiment in the army. The surgeons are to be increased, and so far as extra attendants go the American soldier is to be kept in first-class health. But the most important thing is the movement in Congress, backed by the War Department, especially by Secretary Root, to increase the efficiency of the whole military establishment. The same bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Hull, the Chairman of the Military Committee, and in the Senate by General Hawley, the Chairman of the Military Committee of that body. Among the members of the Senate Committee who have considered the bill are General Hawley, General Sewell, Colonel Proctor, all Union veterans, and General Bate, who served through the Mexican war and became a Major-General in the Confederate army. The Military Committees of both branches of Congress have on them old soldiers who know what war is and who have obtained their experience from years of work and fighting. They are zealous for the reputation of the army and consequently any bill they may favor unanimously is apt to be about the best thing that could be agreed upon. It is a real reform by practical soldiers.

COL. REDFIELD PROCTOR

Every Third Promotion for Merit

The first great reform that the new law would effect would be the breaking of the present iron rule of promotion only by seniority. For years this law has prevailed, so that when exceptional merit or gallantry or peculiar fitness was to be rewarded it always stood in the way. Not even the President could do anything, and in the words of Mr. Root, "the thoughtful, devoted and ambitious young man is precluded from advancing himself by his own exertion a hair's breadth beyond the indolent, the dull and the inefficient man who is just able to perform duty enough to keep him from being turned out of the service. The effect of the present law is injurious to the service because it fails to bring the best men into command; it is injurious to the officers because it withdraws all stimulus to activity and zeal. It is thoroughly un-American because it stifles individual opportunity and affords no reward for individual achievement." Such a rule is opposed to the spirit of our institutions and it undoubtedly operates against the good of the service, for it kills that stimulus which is often the prerequisite to excellence. It is hard to break down a precedent established in such an institution as the army, and thus the first change is probably not as radical as it should be. It is the beginning of the law; the language reads as follows: "That hereafter every third promotion to the grade of Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major, respectively, in the line of the army shall be by selection from the next lowest grade in the same army. The selection in each case shall be made by the President from a list of three names to be prepared by a board composed of officers of the same branch of service and senior to the grade from which the promotion is to be made."

The criticism of this plan is that partiality may be shown in the selections, but against that is placed the honor of the men who will prepare the list of three names. As the reputation of the army will be largely at stake by the work of such boards, it is felt by the friends of the bill that no injustice will be shown to junior officers.

New Blood for the Army Staff

Under the present system when an officer is appointed on the staff his position is permanent. There is no way of changing him except by dismissing him from the army. A fine illustration of this is the fact that while General Eagan, at the head of the Commissary Department of the Government, has been suspended for six years from the army for reprehensible conduct, his name is still carried on the War Department rolls as Commissary-General of Subsistence, and the officer who does the work not only has to use the title of Acting Commissary-General, but is obliged to receive only the salary of the inferior position.

This new bill will remove this permanent feature and will substitute details from the line to the staff for periods of four years unless sooner terminated by the President. No officer can remain longer than four years, but by going back to the line for a year's service he may be detailed again to the same department. A year's service, however, as an interval between staff duty is mandatory. These provisions apply to the departments of the Adjutant-General, Inspector-General, the Quartermaster, Subsistence and Ordnance Department and the Signal Corps. The Engineering Corps, of which General John M. Wilson is Chief, seems to be a department which is beyond criticism simply through its personnel and splendid work, so in that case an exception is made. The appointments there remain permanent, except that the officers are required to serve one year of five with such branch of the line — which means the active army — as may be designated by the Secretary of War.

The argument for all these is that it will prevent all possible dry rot, infuse new life and interest into the service, and bring to the various departments the freshest and best ability.

The Reform of the Artillery

The third important change the bill makes is to organize and modernize the artillery corps. The artillery in its arrangement is even more curious than the other parts of the army. In its present form it is supposed to be a regimental organization where each officer of the same grade has exactly the same authority, so that with the seven Colonels in command not one of them has any more right than another to speak for the corps. The bill will increase the artillery over a period of five years until it reaches 17,448 men, nearly all of whom will be at the seacoast fortifications, and it provides for a Chief of Artillery, so that it will be under one direct, responsible head. He will be in command of both branches, both the coast artillery and the field artillery. The difference between these is given by the law as follows: "The coast artillery is defined as that portion charged with the care and use of the fixed and movable elements of land and coast fortifications, including the submarine mine and torpedo defenses; and the field artillery is that portion accompanying an army in the field and including field and light artillery proper, horse artillery, stage artillery, mountain artillery, and also machine gun batteries."

The Chief of Artillery will have the rank, pay and allowances of a Brigadier-General.

GEN. W. J. SEWELL

A Bill of $330,000 a Day

According to the last report of the Secretary of War the army of the United States consisted of 7540 officers and 171,646 enlisted men. The last Congress in what it supposed to be a moment of generosity allowed a little over $70,000,000 for war expenses, but those who knew the facts understood perfectly that much more money would be required, so we have not been very much surprised to find in the Urgency Deficiency Bill of the present Congress the somewhat respectable sum of $45,951,949 for the support of the army. This, mind you, is an addition to $75,247,811 already allowed for the current year. In other words, we are paying about $330,000 a day, or $1375 an hour, or $229 a minute for our present army organization and its expenses in the various parts of the world. The curious feature in the whole case is that the politicians are trying to hide the fact that we are maintaining a large army, and if we are to pursue our present plans the size of it may have to be increased. Thus in the legislation that is proposed there is the most painstaking care to keep from any one the idea that we are drifting toward the enormous war expenses of a modern power. At the same time, when we add to these figures the one hundred and forty-odd millions which we are paying out for pensions, we exceed the army expenses of any nation on earth, with the possible exception of Great Britain whose expenditures in South Africa may form the greatest total in the history of warfare. It is a striking contradiction of ideals that just after the Peace Conference at The Hague, where disarmament was discussed, every nation that took part in the feast of concord has since increased its expenses either for war itself or for appropriations for war. It all goes to show that we are still far from general brotherhood.

GEN. W. B. BATE

MEN & WOMEN

MADAME PETSCHNIKOFF

A Royal Confidante's Aid

Mrs. Alexander Petschnikoff, wife of the Russian violinist, is an American girl who went abroad to complete her musical education and while studying met her future husband. She was a Miss Lillie Shober, of Chicago. Her courtship, though unruffled, was marked by several romantic incidents. On one occasion her fiancé was filling an engagement in Copenhagen, and by careful study and negotiation had arranged his dates so that he could leave the Danish capital at a late hour one evening, reach Berlin and call upon his sweetheart and return by the next express train. On the afternoon of the day he was to leave he received a command from the Queen of Denmark to play at the royal palace that evening. To one of the court ladies he chanced to speak of his dilemma. To his surprise, he was called upon to play a very short piece at the beginning of the entertainment, and before the applause died away the lord-in-waiting bowed and said: "Her Majesty thanks you for the pleasure you have given her and directs me to tell you that her carriage is at the door, and that if you will hurry you will be able to catch the night train for Berlin and so keep your engagement with your fiancée after all." Not until he returned to Copenhagen did he find out that the pretty girl to whom he had told his troubles was a member of the royal family.

Stanley's Most Memorable Experience

Henry M. Stanley, the distinguished explorer, has not lost the pleasant gift of humor. On his last visit to the United States he had many calls from reporters. One of these, fresh from college, asked some amazing questions.

"Mr. Stanley, what in your opinion, sir, was your most memorable experience in the Dark Continent?"

"Getting out of it," said Mr. Stanley.

ROBERT E. A. DORR

A Good Use for Private John Allen

Congressman John M. Allen, of Mississippi, once went all the way to New York from the South to attend a banquet. When he took his place at the board he found himself set down for the last speech. His friends also saw the program and, like himself, were annoyed by what they thought was thoughtlessness on the part of the committee.

The Congressman listened to the long addresses, and when his turn came prefaced his remarks thus:

"Gentlemen, I was somewhat at a loss, at the opening of this feast, to understand why you had asked me to come all the way from Mississippi to speak to you and then made my address the last number of your program. Now it is all plain to me. You had to put a bright man at the last to hold the audience."

Faith in the Double-Deck Turrets

Admiral Charles O'Neil, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance of the Navy Department, was born in England. He is one of the men who has risen to high rank by gallantry and fidelity.

He served through the Civil War from July, 1861, and was in the engagement with the Confederate ironclad Merrimac, being then on the Cumberland.

His action in that engagement led to his promotion. His heroism in rescuing Lieutenant Morris from drowning led to further honors. He was in both the attacks on Fort Fisher and won two more promotions by his bravery.

He was only twenty-three when the war closed.

Since then he has steadily advanced in his profession and now he is one of the experts on guns and ammunition, being not only Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, but also a member of the Board of Construction. He is a man of deliberate judgment, but of great confidence when his judgment is formed.

An instance of it was the recent trial of the double-deck turrets of the battleship Kearsarge. There were doubts as to whether it would be possible to use these double turrets in a running sea, but Rear-Admiral O'Neil said that it would be found that they would be all right.

The Kearsarge went out for the trial and when she returned the report was entirely favorable. The test was carried so far that all the guns were fired at once with satisfactory results, and with no damage to the greatest of our battleships. The success was highly satisfactory to the Navy Department.

Robert Dorr's Misguided Enterprise

Robert E. A. Dorr, the owner, publisher and editor of the New York Mail and Express, began newspaper work in Baltimore, on the American, in 1877, and has worked his way up to his present position through almost every step of the business. One of his early assignments was to relieve the distress of the lighthouse-keeper on Seven-Foot Knoll, out in Chesapeake Bay. News had come to the city editor that food in the lighthouse was exhausted and that the keeper and his family were starving. Young Dorr secured a Custom House tug and loaded it with provisions. The weather was exceptionally cold and the tug was stuck in the ice half a mile from the Knoll. Dorr left the boat and started over the ice. When he reached the lighthouse he was warmly greeted.

"Come in the dining-room," said the keeper's wife after the rescuer had warmed himself. "Come in and have dinner with us."

Mr. Dorr thought that hunger had made her mad.

"I heard that you needed food," stammered Mr. Dorr as soon as he could speak.

"Well, come to think of it," replied the housewife, "we do. We have plenty of meat and vegetables, flour and that sort, but the next time you are coming out this way we'd appreciate it if you'd bring over a few jars of quince jam," she added cheerfully.

Mr. Dorr took his provisions back to Baltimore but no account of his trip was written.

In 1881 Mr. Dorr went to Philadelphia and became news editor of the Press. He was connected with the administrative bureau of the World's Fair in Chicago from 1890 until 1892, when he became managing editor of the New York Mail and Express, which property he bought a few years later from the estate of the late Colonel Eliot F. Shepard. Upon the death of his partner, Mr. Alexander, last year, Mr. Dorr became owner and editor as well as publisher.

Miss Howland's Latest Rôle

Miss Jobyna Howland, the actress, is one of the tallest women on the stage. The other day in the South her train was detained half an hour by accident. A crowd of darkies came along and Miss Howland gave one of them a nickel. He looked at the tall girl with the golden hair in open-mouthed wonder and one of the men asked him:

"Do you know who that is?"

The little darky nodded his head affirmatively.

"She 'un's the lady wut rides the lellerfunts at the circus."

There had just been a circus in the town.

MRS. ANNE M. BRISBINE

The New Tenor's Request

Mrs. Anne M'Iver Brisbine, who is now well known as an author and musical critic in New York, achieved her first reputation in Chicago. She was editor of a Chicago musical paper and was among the most popular of the writers on musical topics in Chicago. Her verdict was considered of importance to any aspirant for musical honors. On one occasion she was invited to a reception to pass upon a new tenor fresh from Berlin. Mrs. Brisbine is diminutive in stature, demure in face and retiring in disposition. The consequence was that after the concert, when the tenor was presented, he asked the usual questions of the modest lady, and in a few sentences she told him that his songs, which he supposed were new, were sung in Chicago by every tenor who came there and by most of the local singers. At last he said: "Mrs. Brisbine was to be here to hear me to-night. Will you tell her about me?" "Yes." "And if she thinks well of me will you ask her to send an indorsement to me? It might be useful."

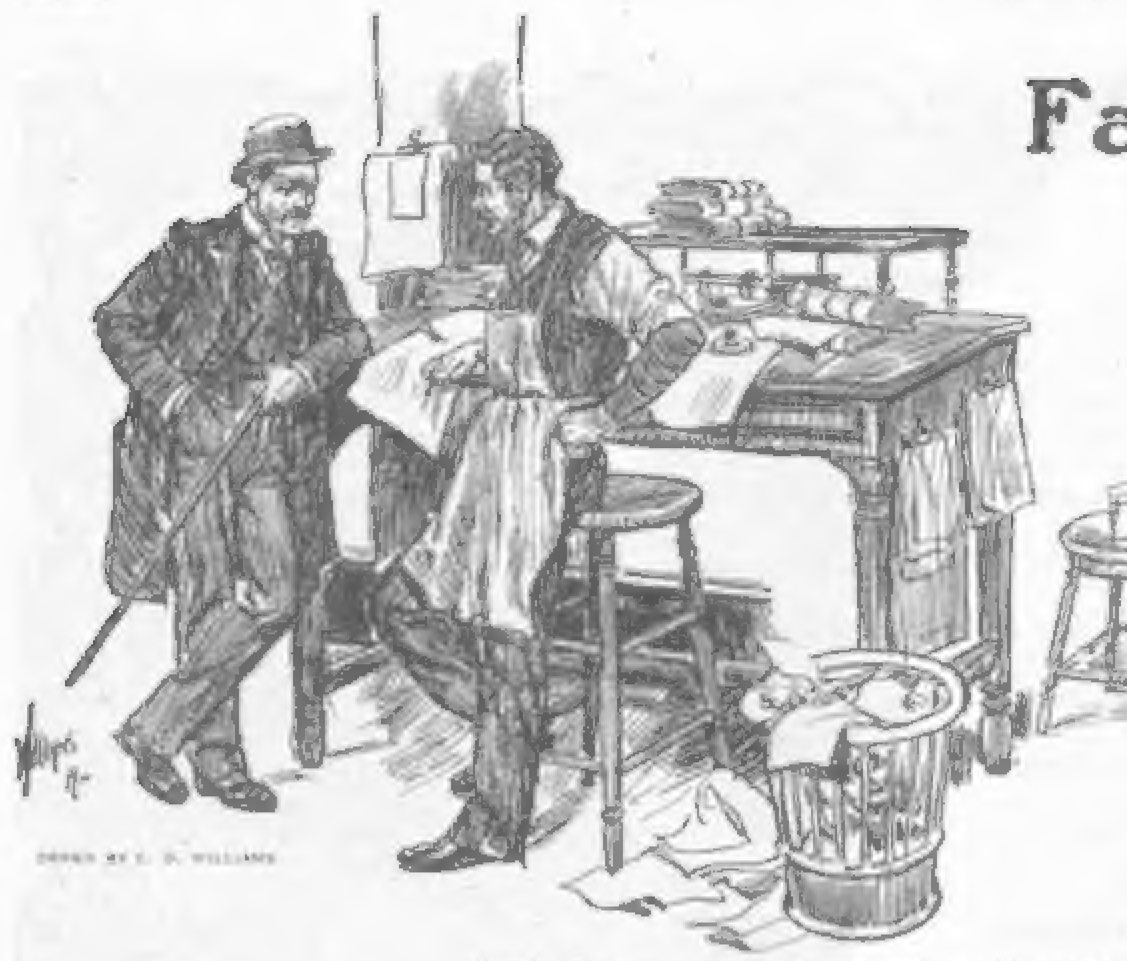
Mrs. Brisbine promised to give the message, but somehow the indorsement never reached the tenor.

A Revised Reading

General Benjamin F. Tracy, ex-Secretary of the Navy, was once trying a case in the City Court which involved the liability of a provision dealer for unwholesome pork. The point of issue turned upon trichinosis, and the word was bandied about by counsel and scientific experts. The most interested auditor was an old court officer who listened to all the arguments, especially to those of the General.

"Oh, but that was an instructive apache, Gineral. Oi knew that pigs were unhilthy animals, but I never knew they had tricky noses before."

ADMIRAL O'NEIL



DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

He offered to get me a set of the sheets then on his presses

Famous Feats of Journalism

The Premature Publication of the Revised Version

By C. E. Harrington

NO BOOK was ever so perfectly guarded against premature publication by unauthorized persons as was the Revised Version of the New Testament. And yet through the persistent enterprise of an American newspaper the volume was printed verbatim in advance of its general distribution, while the pledges of the International Revision Committee were sacredly observed and their methods so carefully carried out that there was no official betrayal of trust during the period of preparation of the book or of its placing on the market.

Among the examples of American newspaper enterprise, that of the Chicago Tribune, in its zealous, hurried quest for the Revised Version, may be cited as conspicuous. It was undertaken in the face of almost insuperable obstacles; the object aimed at was well won, and the credit, to the newspaper, well deserved. The story of this undertaking has been but imperfectly told by reviewers of the noteworthy accomplishments of newspaper managers. The credit of the idea belongs to the late S. J. Medill, who in 1881 was managing editor of the Chicago Tribune; to me—then beginning my many years' service as New York correspondent of that journal—was assigned the duty of executing it.

The Tribune, a few weeks before this undertaking, had scored a noteworthy "beat" from New York by prematurely publishing an article of great moment on the Nicaragua Canal prepared by General Grant for the North American Review. This forestalling of the Review's particular and widely heralded piece of enterprise entailed a series of complications calculated to deter a newspaper from venturing farther along the same line, but the success seemed to whet the appetite of the Tribune's editorial conductor for like excursions in other fields. Early in April of 1881 investigation had shown the futility of attempting to secure a copy of the Revised New Testament in New York, and there the matter was dropped. There was an extraordinarily keen interest among laymen as well as in strictly religious circles concerning the book upon which the greatest commentators of the world had long been engaged, and discussion of its probable departure from the readings of the old version was keen and continuous.

Boarding an Ocean Liner at a Moment's Notice

It was not in Mr. Medill's nature to pre-accept defeat; therefore it was in one sense no surprise when, late in April, at a most unexpected moment, the following telegram came at midnight to the Tribune's New York representative:

> "Sail on City of Berlin to-morrow. Secure copy of the Revised edition. Return at once. If you succeed a fortune is yours.
>
> S. J. MEDILL."

To go to London and return within twenty days was at that time in itself no easy undertaking. That was all the time margin I had, as the day of publication had been set for April 17 by the International Revision Committee. Steamer transit then was comparatively slow. Besides, the book could not be had for the asking, delays were inevitable, and one return steamer missed would upset all calculations. Cabling the work was not entertained; if the book was secured in London its transmission by wire from British territory would likely develop some unpleasant situations.

Without ticket or steamer accommodations, and not a berth purchasable, turned brusquely back as I attempted to board the City of Berlin only five minutes before she sailed, and while the supplemental mail was going aboard, I finally succeeded in reaching her deck as the gangplank was being swung to the pier, too late to be put over the side, as the screw was turning and the ship making for the stream.

Good fortune seemed to smile on the venture from the outset. I made two acquaintances during the voyage that were of value to me during the ten days following, but neither of the gentlemen ever realized that he was abetting a prospective journalistic beat. One was a publisher of international repute, and very directly connected with the procurement of the American rights to the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica; the other was a Chicagoan of prominence and with a large appreciation of the Tribune's qualities. To these gentlemen I was, of course, a journalist on a sight-seeing tour, and incidentally investigating British publishing and educational methods.

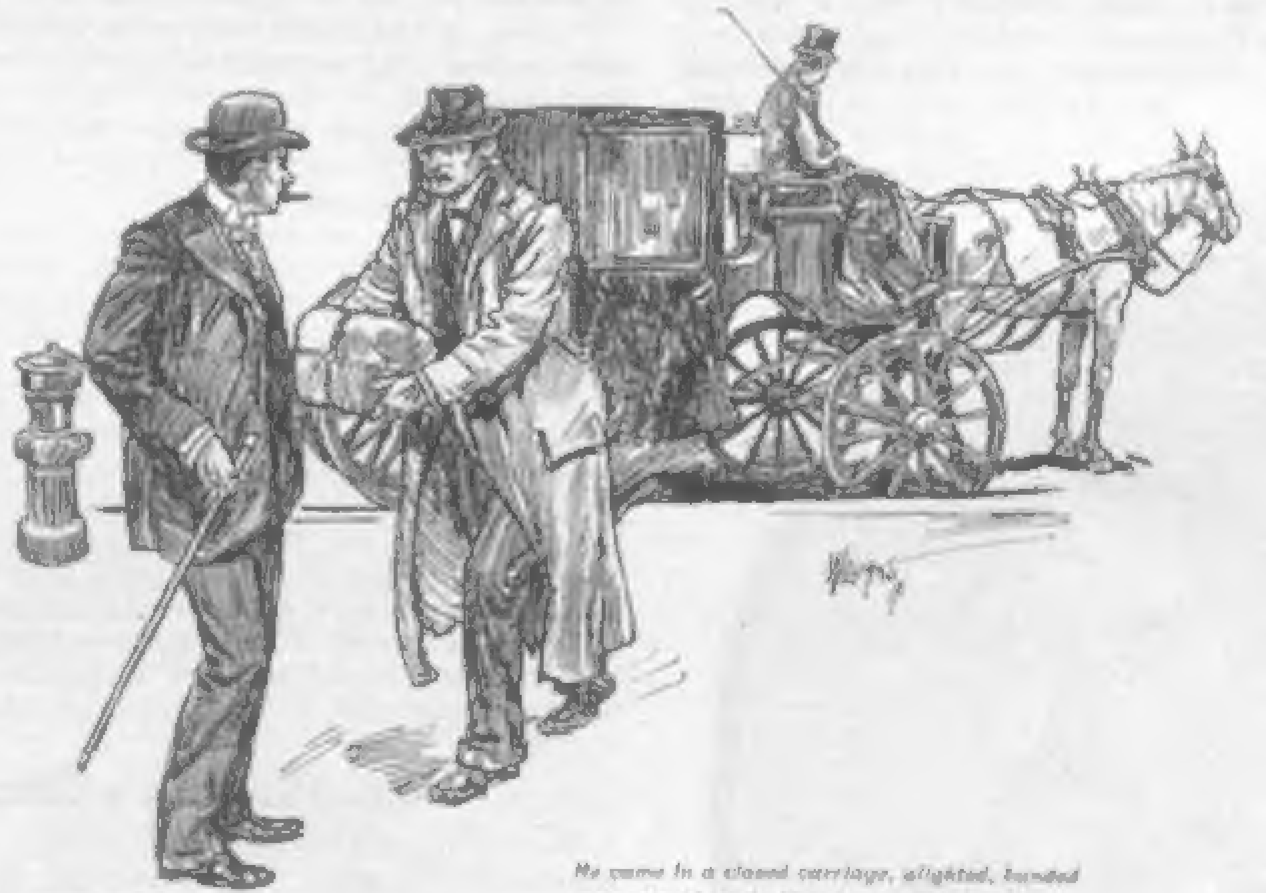
London at that date, with every channel open, was, on broad principles, at best a forbidding place in which to make progress. Its conservatism, not to say suspicion of all American ways, was chilling. The vogue of international fraternity had not set in. On the whole, however, I fared exceptionally well. A letter from the American publisher set me down at once in the heart of Paternoster Row, in a publishing house of great repute and that had New York connections, where I found something like American appreciation of enterprise and more than customary British assent to abetting a stranger in audacious ventures within their very doors. They were upset by the proposition at first, but finally signified willingness to coöperate, under the rose, "just to show these people here at home," they said, "that the United States leads the world in enterprise, and that Chicago leads the United States."

This interview marked out the line of campaign: The New Testament could not be procured in London, at bindery or warehouse, for reasons to be given; Oxford or Cambridge, perhaps both towns, must be visited; or the unexpected must turn up through one of the almost inaccessible revisers; and, if the latter, luck must work its way out. Paternoster Row led me straight to the university cities, for I left that publishing house with personal and very persuasive letters to the persons of the greatest utility in the printing establishments of both places—the chief pressmen. All was in confidence—perhaps quite unprofessional—but my new friends, to name whom now might shock London publishers, were not averse to watching the hazard to its end.

A Tantalizing Sight of the Coveted Volume

Two obstacles, at the outset, nearly upset all my plans. Only by the merest accident of a passage being canceled at the last moment on the Britannic, the first steamer to New York two days later, was I enabled to secure a ticket for home on time; and I found myself in need of money. Through oversight the Tribune had neglected to cable me two hundred pounds sterling, the amount asked for before leaving New York. It was imperative that the trips to Oxford and Cambridge should at least be fortified with funds. I went straight to the American Exchange and asked to be supplied, meantime cabling the Tribune to remit by wire. Within an hour, without a credential, I had the equivalent of one thousand dollars in my pocket, the only collateral being my sight draft on my home office. I never knew what impelled Mr. Gillig, the manager of the Exchange, to honor this appeal of one whom he had never seen before that day, but I have since thought that regular buncoing is not so difficult after all. Determination wins.

My Chicago acquaintance was to make a call that night on the Rev. Dr. Strong, who had formerly occupied a Chicago pulpit and was then located in London. They were very close friends. In one way and another I impressed upon the former that he might find out a good deal there as to the Revised Version—a little loaf of suggestion that returned to me much sooner than I then anticipated.



DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

He came in a closed carriage, alighted, handed me a parcel, and without a word departed

The following morning I went to Oxford, my purse plethoric with Banker Gillig's confident contribution of the previous day. Sight drafts or promissory notes were not likely to be honored in even that classic town in a transaction of this kind. My interview with the pressman of the University Press was interesting and conclusive. It was held in a "public," and was the most extraordinary of its kind. This man gave me a clear insight into the situation from a mechanical point of view. He was agreeable to any proposition, but could not deliver the goods. The conditions were these: There was a perfect system of policing the presses where the types were set and the impressions taken. Oxford and Cambridge did the work. Sections were set at each office, and alternate sections of the plates interchanged, so that neither press possessed consecutive "signatures." This work had gone forward by piecemeal, the sheets being turned into the bindery at London by a sworn employee, each package being under seal. No laborer, save stitcher and binder, saw the complete sets of sheets—that is, consecutive "signatures"; no one was permitted to leave the bindery or warehouse without being searched. "Of course," said the Oxford pressman, "I'd help you in a minute, not alone for what's in it, but because you have come so far, for they tell me Chicago's a braw big town." He offered to get me a set of the sheets then on his presses, but they would have availed me nothing; it was the complete book I was after.

In London that evening my Chicago friend casually told me that he had seen a copy of the Revised Version that day while I was, without his knowledge, of course, in Oxford. The announcement was received with incredulity—it was impossible! Whereupon he informed me that he had talked the matter over the night before with Mrs. Strong—the preacher being absent in Glasgow—and she had told him that a warm friend of theirs—the Rev. Dr. Newth, one of the revisers and the head of a boys' college in Finchley Road, St. John's Wood—had let her look at his copy a few evenings before. Thereupon the Chicagoan, to convince me that I was wrong as to inaccessibility to the volume, had taken it upon himself to visit Doctor Newth, with a letter from Mrs. Strong, and have a look at the book.

So it was a woman again. I convinced the Chicagoan that it was quite fortunate he had met Doctor Newth, as I had intended to call upon that gentleman, but, having no letter, was undecided what to do. I desired to talk with him on educational matters, and secure some introductions to educators elsewhere. This was easy, said the Chicagoan; he himself would take me up.

The next forenoon—my last day in London—we went to see Doctor Newth, in Finchley Road. The Doctor was in his library. We talked school, college and higher education until I fairly wished them in the revised place of torment, and finally branched into the topic of the Revised Version. This work, just then, was the Doctor's hobby. He was quite willing to follow the subject indefinitely. As my time was swiftly narrowing I preferred action to talk. During the conversation he took his reviser's copy from his library desk and placed it in my hands for examination. I glanced over it in a perfunctory manner, complimented the revisers on their work, and suggested that he let me take it to my hotel for more careful inspection. Doctor Newth was sorry, but he had an engagement for that evening in which the Testament was to figure; otherwise he would be happy to oblige—a little piece of politeness that rendered it unnecessary for him to enter into explanation as to the pledges that he had taken not to let it pass from his possession.

But I had finally got into touch with the book, and knew where it was kept. How could I get possession of it?

Shadowed by a Rival's Detective

My Chicago friend stuck close to me after our return to the city. For some reason he seemed to prefer my company more than at any other time during our stay in London. He probably had no idea that there was any feeling of covetousness as to the book in my heart, but he stayed by me until late that afternoon. I was due to leave on the eight o'clock train. The steamer having already left Liverpool, I had purposely remained over for the "Wild Irishman," to catch the steamer at Queenstown, thus giving me eight hours' extra time in London.

The waning hours of my stay were filled with hampering details and nervous apprehensions. Not only did my Chicago benefactor persist in making my departure pleasant, but the one man of all London whom I desired to avoid was thrown in my path—Mr. F. B. Wilkie, the resident correspondent of the Chicago Times. He had been advised of my mission through the treachery of a telegraph operator in New York, and had been on the watch for me ever since my arrival. More than this, Mr. Wilkie, as I subsequently learned, under directions of his home office, had had my movements observed by a world-famed establishment in Whitehall. Finesse had to be met with in kind, and my final escape from this obstructing friend was a matter of self-congratulation.

There were less than two hours left me, and it was a long way to Finchley Road from the city. I purchased an octavo

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles on Famous Feats of Journalism. The first article in the series appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of February 10.

copy of the King James Version of the New Testament. It was bound very like the Revised edition in Doctor Newth's library It was about six o'clock when I reached the college The Doctor was at dinner. I was shown into the library by an obliging, unsuspecting maid, and was left there alone.

The Final Intervention of Pure Luck

The library was a deep room, broad and lofty It was a place to linger in, so splendidly was it equipped with the tools of literature But there was no time to waste there, no matter how much one might naturally like such surroundings, with a steamer train leaving in a few minutes and a pressing engagement on the other side of the Atlan

Good old Doctor Newth always kept his copy of the unpublished book in a row of reference volumes that lined the top of his desk

It was unusual to usher strangers into the library, the great entrance hall being provided with comfortable settles for casual callers. But my previous visit had been so recent and I was with the Doctor so long in his study, that the servant no doubt felt I was privileged to go there pending my announcement. Besides, she was not advised as to the deep interest felt in the United States regarding advance information of the labors of the Revision Committee I question whether she had ever heard of that dignified and reverend body.

I was wondering what part of the college building held the dining hall, when the next moment the door opened and Doctor Newth's wife entered—a white-haired, gentle-voiced, sweet faced woman. She had come to apologize for the Doctor, to say he would step over from the dining room in a moment, and she kept me company until he appeared. It was a demonstration of hospitality and good breeding that might have been dispensed with and naught laid up against English breeding for its breach of observance

It was necessary to talk more education again to Doctor Newth when he came in, and after he had given me a letter to Mr. Bonamy Price, of Oxford, whither I told him I might go, I left in no pleasant frame of mind, and barely caught the train that landed me the next afternoon in Queenstown, where the steamer was waiting.

On May 16 New York was reached. In less than two hours after landing the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, under an excusably mistaken idea that he was dealing with Mr Frowde, the publishing manager of the London Committee, had intrusted his precious copy of the Revised Version to a messenger boy to convey to the Fifth Avenue hotel where said "publisher," on an alleged trip to some remote part of the world, was supposed to be staying. Doctor Schaff was a member of the American Committee of Revision. The pretext for the request was ample enough to cause the good Doctor to comply with pleasure, but it occurred to him that he would like to see the person himself and give him a lecture on the unbusinesslike manner in which the London Committee had treated the Americans in failing to send over the number of copies that had been ordered and which the latter had faithfully promised to send out on the day of publication. Therefore Doctor Schaff sent a note instead, inviting the "publisher" to come and take tea with him, talk matters over and get the book himself. Disappointed in not receiving the expected visit, Doctor Schaff even went to the hotel that evening, and it required repeated assurances from the clerk before he could be convinced that absolutely nothing was known there of the person who had come so perilously near to securing his copy of the Revised Versio

During the voyage across, the International Committee had postponed the date of publication to May 21 on account of the failure to transmit the requisite number of copies for the publishers who handled the work in the United States—the Nelsons, of New York, and the Lippincotts, of Philadelphia, representing the Oxford and the Cambridge presses respectively. With this knowledge, in London, another trip to Doctor Newth would have been more satisfactory, as it would have been possible to have reached New York within time limitations

Two days after reaching New York, one of the most prominent representatives of one of the greatest publishing houses in the United States, aware of the Schaff incident, sent me a note to meet him late that night in front of the Sinclair House in Broadway. He knew the receivers of the Testament in New York, and he knew every employee of their house Furthermore, he had a thorough journalistic instinct, and he would not let a friend fail in any undertaking if he could prevent it

He came in a closed carriage, alighted, handed me a parcel, and without a word departed

The New Testament Sent by Wire

That night several of the books of the Revised Version of the New Testament were sent by wire to the Chicago Tribune Thirty hours later I was in the home office in Chicago, arriving on Saturday noon, May 21. At ten o'clock two copies of the Testament were placed in the hands of the paper's compositors, and on Sunday morning the book was published verbatim, from title-page to *finis*, with the long list of readings preferred by the American Committee, and recorded as an Appendix—a feat, as the Tribune itself characterized it, that "has never been excelled among the many triumphs of modern journalism" It filled sixteen pages of the paper. In two days a quarter of a million copies of the publication were sold by the Tribune, an attest of the popular interest that was felt in the work. Not a copy of the Testament was received by Western booksellers until two days later.

How the midnight copies were secured that reached my hand in New York I never inquired There are some things that one does not care to be too inquisitive about. My friend has frequently smiled since that night when he has read of the absurd explanations which have from time to time appeared concerning this quest, but he has never taken it upon himself to correct any of the wild stories.

The copies of the Testament came to the United States in sealed boxes, were placed in the Custom House and held until the hour for delivery to the American dealers. Then they were opened in guarded cellars. It is enough to say that with one exception no one was allowed to take a copy from the premises until four o'clock in the morning of the twentieth, when deliveries to book dealers began under the severest pledge of holding until released the next day

I might state that the direct work of publishing the Revised Version in England was in the hands of a committee of five appointed by the revisers. Of this committee Mr Henry Frowde, of the Oxford press, was the controlling spirit This committee signed a contract to permit no one outside the publishing establishment to see a copy of the book. The principal reason for this was, of course, that copyright interests were at stake in England There being then no international copyright law the American Revision Committee had pledged themselves in writing to carry out the British agreement It required, in England, over 3,000,000 copies to meet the first orders for the Testament, and in the United States 400,000

A Night's Experience in the Times Office

After the Tribune's initiative in this scheme, the Chicago Times undertook to cover the ground having, as stated, been notified of the dispatch of a Tribune man to London. A reporter in London secured a few of the readings from local revisers—matter that was common property, there being no objection to the publication of the same. These were cabled to the Times but were valueless as illustrative of the work accomplished, or as showing any possible doctrinal changes which it was thought might have been made in the book In New York the Chicago Times secured a copy from a bookseller after the distribution began. It was the hope of the Times management that the whole book could be sent by telegraph in time to appear on Saturday morning. Against the protestations of Mr. H W Seymour, then a Times sub editor and now general manager of the Chicago Chronicle, only three of the Gospels were taken entire, and then the attempt was made to whip the remainder of the books into shape by setting up the complete King James Version and inserting the changes made by the Revision Committee. Mr. Seymour, relating the night's experience in the Times office, says it was simply indescribable, and productive of more hard feeling in the office force than could ever be atoned for in a lifetime of pious observance of the precepts of the Holy Book. It became a hopeless task to make the revised alterations in the matter set, and the paper was published with the text in this inchoate condition, only a fractional part being really the book as prepared by the Revision Committ

The enterprise was bold, but its fulfilment was weak and of no effect

A quaint incident of my London visit developed just before the time for my hurried departure for home. During the afternoon of the last day I accidentally came across a letter of introduction to Mr. Gillig, of the American Exchange, given me by a New York friend on the morning of sailing. This note I had entirely forgotten, and I did not recall it even when approaching Mr. Gillig so earnestly for funds I opened it, and read a very warm commendation and request to make my short stay in London pleasant for old acquaintance' sake

This was very nice, but a postscript that my friend had added in full knowledge of [illegible] to a of pleasantry, no doubt, on account of Mr. Gillig's perpetual and vexatious relations to stranded American tourists, capped the climax. It was briefly this

"P S—He doesn't want any money.

I fancy that this little note, which I sent to Mr. Gillig gave him a fuller sense of assurance as to the safety of his two hundred pounds sterling before he had received return on my sight draft

The Salvage of the Santa Maria

By W. A. Fraser

A FEW thousand years ago the Atlantic battered a pocket into the rock coast of New Brunswick, and long after, when men found this arm of the sea, they called it the Bay of Fundy Then they started a city, and named it St John

St. John was founded for the glorification of Nathan Weller, and to the end that he might become rich He firmly believed this, and shaped his life accordingly. That was the only thing he did believe in; that and Old Man Weller. Ships and tugs and loading gear and the souls of men of the sea were all [illegible]

He was as hard as dry salt cod When his sailors were drowned, that was their lookout; and the underwriters paid for the boats. When they came back into port with cargoes of much profit, it was all his, and to the glory of his extreme cleverness

Much of this sort of thing makes a man like—like—Old Man Weller

If Weller could have hired Satan, he would have had him, and kept him in his place, too; but Satan was not in the labor market, at least not his entire services, so Old Man Weller had to be content with Jim Lester.

When Weller sent Lester to Liverpool, Captain Bell, who was given to psychological research, said: "What the devil's up now? There's some quare work to be did over there." But wondering and finding out were two quite different things; and nobody knew except Weller and Lester, until as it is written at the end of this tale

Lester bought the Santa Maria, a sailing ship of 600 tons register. She was an old hulk, but Lester had not gone to Liverpool to make mistakes. She was overhauled, and her name altered to Dumfries Castle. When she cleared from Liverpool the underwriters had been touched for every shilling they would risk on hulk and cargo

Now Lester's correspondence to Old Man Weller anent the ship was circumspect to a degree. No suspicion of obliquity could be read in or between the lines; simply the new ship Dumfries Castle, had cleared with a full cargo all duly [illegible] He even omitted to mention her original name

It was Christmas morning in St John when Old Weller said to Captain Bell:

"The tug Lion, that went down the bay after a wreck, has blowed a hole in her boiler. She's a crazy thing anyway—worse than a rickety old woman. She's lyin' down there rollin' about like a jellyfish, an' eatin' into the profits at the rate of twenty dollars a day."

"That's bad, sir," said Captain Bell, thinking of the soft job the boys aboard had, but wishing to mollify the rapacious owner. "She ought to have a new boiler in her."

"Boiler be hanged!" cursed the old man; "you're all happy schemin' to pile up expenses on your owners. Get you the Jane Ann out, an' away down an' bring the rot-tub in. I'll discharge every mother's son of the lazy crew

Captain Bell cast a net for his men and, getting up steam on the tug, started down the bay. Just as he was clearing from the wharf Pilot Carey asked for a free passage down in hope that he might pick up a ship needing his services

"Of coorse," assented Bell "Get aboord

About fifteen miles out he met the Lion coming along under full steam with her ship in tow. By some means they had patched up her boiler, and were making for port The Jane Ann stopped her engines, reversed, and slowly drifted as the Lion passed close.

"Where are you bound?" sang out Bailey from the Lion

"Came down after you," answered Bell "The ould man heard you'd broke down, an' he's pinin' away over the loss. D'ye want help?"

"No"

"Well, I'll away down the bay then to the south'ard, an look for a bite," answered Bell "Tell the ould man

The bell tinkled full steam ahead, and the Jane Ann swung her nose seaward on a prospecting tour for ships needing a tow up. Being under steam and that far out, the Captain reasoned that it would be good management to try to pick up something to pay expenses

Two hours steady steaming, when suddenly the Captain descried something on his starboard bow looking very much like a ship on the rocks. "I believe that's a wreck," he said to the pilot, who was at his elbow

The latter took the glass from the Captain's hand, looked long and earnestly, and answered "Right you are. It's a ship high and dry."

The wheel was put over a bit; the engine chucked and thumped in its worn bearings, and the Jane Ann steadily crawled close to the thing they had seen

"She's not on the rocks at all," remarked the Captain, eyeing her critically; "she's just ridin' to the two anchors as quiet as a duck"

"There's not a soul on her decks," exclaimed the pilot, much wonder in his voice.

"Blow the whistle, Billy," cried the Captain to one of the tug hands; "perhaps they're eatin' their Christmas dinner"

The shrill whistle of the tug called to the great ship, but there was no answer—no sign of life

"Gad! it's like a ghost ship," said Bell with a touch of awe in his voice. "Give her another toot Billy"

Again the steam screamed and struggled through the brass dome of the whistle, but still there was no response

"She's abandoned," remarked the Captain

"She's like a graveyard," echoed the pilot.

"I believe it's a haunted ship, sir," hazarded Billy

"Work the Jane Ann alongside," commanded Bell, "an' we'll soon see."

When they were close enough Billy threw a line across the bow of the ship. Bell watched this performance critically

"She's solid," he ejaculated with a sigh of relief. "I half expected to see the line go clean through her an' down into the water. She's like a spirit ship, she's that quiet Up you go, Billy, an' make fast," he ordered

As the man clambered over the rail and snubbed the line Pilot Carey followed eagerly, and before the Captain well realized what his mission was, this wide awake mariner was screeching, "I claim salvage on this ship!"

This galvanized Bell into action and, ranging himself alongside of the man who had sought to forestall him, he called out: "I'm with you, my smart buck; I claim salvage for myself, an' the men, an' the tug."

It was an extraordinary spectacle: the great ship riding quietly at anchor, with six inches of snow all over her deck, and her stern almost brushing against the rocks that arose out of the sea not half a cable-length away

They were all wrangling as to who was entitled to salvage — who was first and who was last — when the engineer, Jack O'Brien made a discovery. "None of youse'll get salvage, I'm thinkin'," he said; "here's a cat track in the snow; an' while there's life on the ship there's no salvage, for she's not abandoned accordin' to the coorts."

"That's right," echoed the pilot; "Billy's right. If there's a parrot, or a cat, or even a pig on the ship, we're done for. But in the name o' Heaven, where's all the crew gone there's nothing wrong with the ship?"

"Perhaps they're in the cabin," ventured Billy; "anyway, the cat'll be there"

"Let's go down an' see," said Bell to the pilot. The latter didn't relish the invitation overmuch; the cabin might be full of dead men, or ghosts, or almost anything All the weird sea tales he had ever heard about murdered ship's crews came thronging in upon his excited imagination, but still he couldn't well remain behind The Captain might steal a march on him over the salvage question

"Lead on," he said valiantly to Bell "we must investigate this"

His legs felt hopelessly inadequate as he followed the Captain cautiously down the companion way. Billy and Jack O'Brien were at his elbow. The cabin, dimly lighted was as silent as a tomb; nothing moved, no one spoke; no challenging voice demanded what they wanted; if a voice had suddenly broken the eerie stillness it is certain they would have fled up the stairs. The Captain surreptitiously pinched his leg to make sure it was not all a dream

"Look man! what's that?" exclaimed the pilot in a voice of intense fright

"What's what?" asked the Captain

"There!" and Carey pointed with outstretched finger to the farther end of the table. A pair of great yellow, baleful eyes was glaring at them from the Captain's chair. They stood for an instant, constrictive little gripings clutching at the skin over their backbones, when suddenly the thing "meowed."

"It's the blasted cat!" ejaculated Billy in a tone of disgust

"Heave him overboord," said Bell to the pilot, "if you hope to get salvage

"I can't," answered Carey; "do it yourself"

Just then Jack O'Brien made a rush for the cat. There was a demoniac scramble, the table went over with a crash, chairs were banged about; the pilot was upset by something or somebody; unearthly screams rang through the cabin, and the Captain swore afterward that he smelt brimstone. At any rate, in eight seconds Bell found himself standing in the snow on the deck, and the pilot half over the rail on his way to the tug

"Come back — where are you going?" the Captain called

"It's a devil-ship," gasped Carey, turning a face the color of soapstoned canvas toward his friend

O'Brien was standing on the deck laughing

"Where's the cat?" asked the commander

"The divil flew away wid her, I think" answered O'Brien, "for she's not on the ship now

"That settles it then," asserted his officer. "I claim salvage for all hands

Haunted or not haunted, he reasoned that the ship was solid enough; and visions of great prize money passed through his mind

Again they ventured down into the cabin and searched diligently, but there was not a soul on the ship

"What's the name of her?" asked the Captain, a thought striking him suddenly

"The Santa Maria," answered the pilot, who had been rummaging in a cabin. "Here it is marked on a lifebuoy

"Well," said Bell cheerfully, "it's a big haul, b'ys; an now we've got to get her out of here before anybody appears or a blow comes up"

But this latter proposition presented an unexpectedly serious problem. They were too short handed to man the ship and get her anchors up. But the commander was equal to the new emergency "Billy," he said, "you an' the pilot stay here an' hold the ship an' we'll away down to Irishtown with the tug for a dozen big, lusty Irishmen to help us out

It was ten miles to Irishtown, and when the tug returned with twelve rough fishermen aboard, ready for anything, her captain got a surprise. As the Jane Ann rolled clumsily around the rock headland beyond which was the little cove where rested the prize-ship, he saw something which brought him to the rail with a proper mariner's adjective on his lips

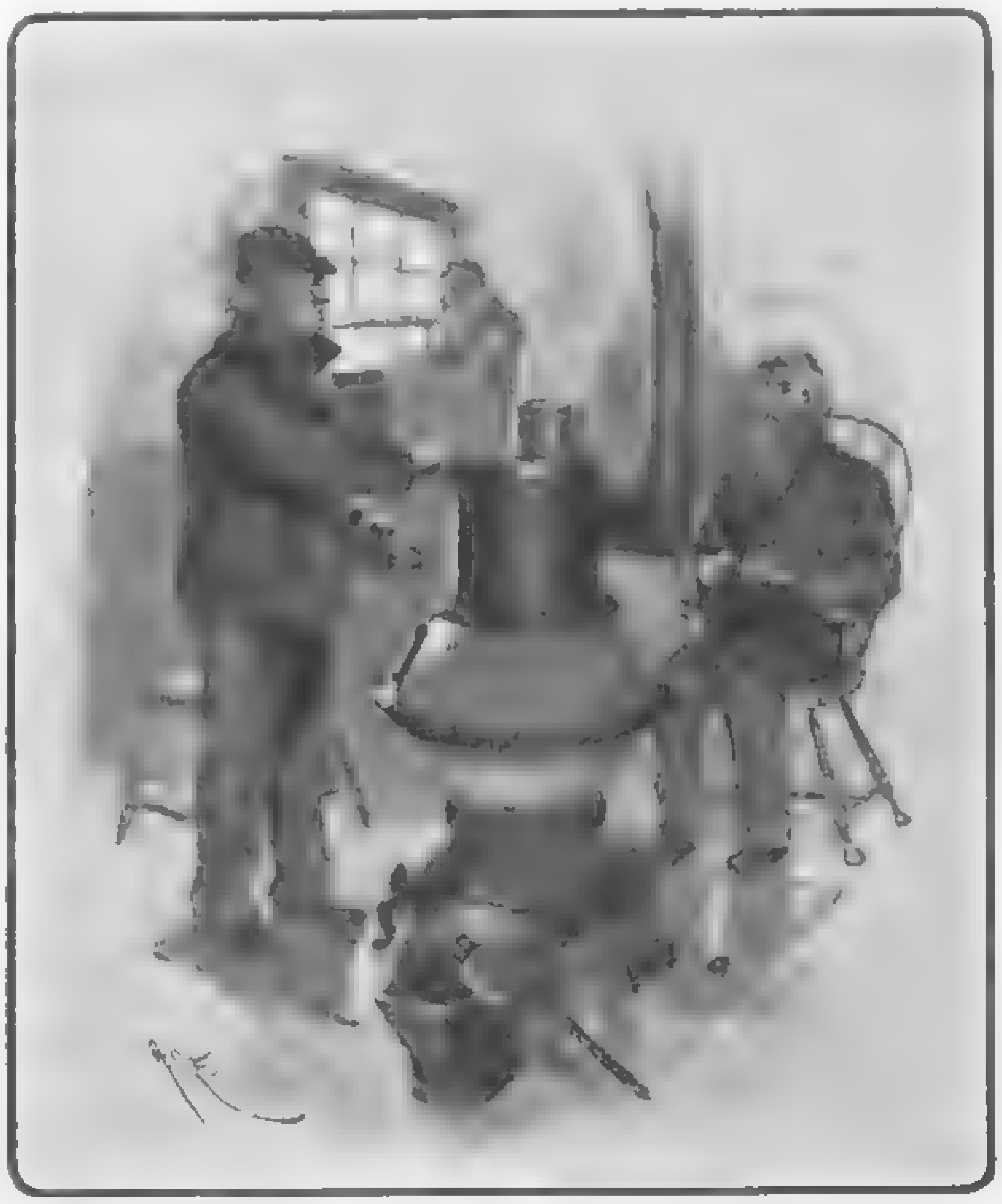
On board the ship a battle was being waged Five men were industriously striving to deposit Billy and the pilot in the sea. The two were fighting valiantly, but the tug pulled alongside just in the nick of time.

As she rubbed saucily against the wooden sides of the Santa Maria, a big, red faced man stepped to the rail and said: "Sheer off! What the devil do you want here?

"Who the thunder are you?" roared back the commander of the tug

"I'm the Captain," snorted the red faced man; "and I forbid ye to come aboard"

"Captain nothing!" retorted Bell. "The Captain an' crew of this ship is all drowned"



DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS

"IF THEY DON'T AGREE, I'LL FIGHT ON THE OTHER SIDE AN' WE'LL SEE WHO COMES OUT ON TOP"

"Not much! I'm the Captain, an' this is the crew," asserted the other

"A Captain an' his crew don't desert their ship," declared Bell logically. "I tell you they are all dead; an' if they're not they soon will be. Up, boys!" he exclaimed to his recruits, "an' if anybody opens his mouth, throw him overboard"

His men swarmed over the rail and joined Billy and the pilot. The others massed back on the poop of the ship, standing sullenly, waiting for commands from their leader.

"Where did these tramps come from, Robinson?" asked Captain Bell

"From the shore, sir," Billy answered.

"Yes," broke in the red faced man; "we dragged our anchors in a blow last night, an' thought the ship was goin to pieces. We couldn't save her by sticking to her, so we got ashore in a boat"

"That's all in me eye, Biddy Martin," answered Captain Bell derisively; "we salvaged this ship when she was abandoned, an' the Captain an' crew all drowned. If you're to stand up an' argue the matter there, we'll just have to make it sure, that's all."

"What do you propose doin' with the ship?" asked the red faced man, beginning to weaken in the face of superior numbers

"We'll tow her in to St. John, an' if you behave yourselves we'll give you a lift that far, but we're in charge, mind you — in possession — an' we'll just turn the key on your riff raff in the fo'c's'le to keep you quiet like, an' to show them the ship's ours!

A hawser was run out, the wheezing Jane Ann put her shoulders lazily to the trace, and, as the big ship strained away from the rocks, the anchors were weighed, and the procession started for St. John.

Just where that particular degree of latitude bisected its angle of longitude was the happiest group of mortals on the face of the waters. All except the red faced man and his companions. The pilot was in charge of the Santa Maria Pompously he strode up and down the quarter deck, turning over in his mind the value of the ship and cargo an' how much of it would come to him because of the salvage

Captain Bell eyed the great wooden prize proudly as she surged along in the wake of the black, grimy Jane Ann

"Lord knows what it will lead to," he mused. "Ould Man Weller'll be that pleased he'll put me in one of his big ships, I do believe. It was the luckiest thing I ever did in me life, goin' down the bay this mornin'. This is a Christmas box with a rush"

Then he scowled ferociously. The big moon face of the man who claimed to be Captain leered at him over the rail of the ship "I'll lock that gossoon in a cabin when we get into port," he said. "I don't like the look of him"

It was black night when they got into St John

The big anchor of the Santa Maria was dropped, the heavy link cable scuttled noisily through her bow, and she swung majestically, head on, to the rising tide; the tug stole sleepily into her berth beside the dripping, evil-smelling wharf, and her petulant, worn engine sighed wearily as the last wet puff of steam was let off through the pet-cocks.

The pilot and the men remained aboard of the salvaged ship Captain Bell went home to the wife to tell her the good news Neither of them slept a wink. Over and over the excited Captain told the tale of how something had whispered to him to go on down the bay after meeting the old Lion

"It was Santa Claus," ventured the wife; "or, perhaps, Providence."

"It must have been Santa Claus then," retorted the husband, "for Providence doesn't bother much with sea-dogs. Look at the hungry orphans all over the town, an the fathers that should be feedin' them linin' the stomach of some shark. We'll buy a little craft of our own out of our share," he assured the wife, "an' make money be the barrel, just like the ould man does."

In the morning Bell was down at the office, waiting for his employer. "I'll be the first to tell him the good news," he thought.

"Old jelly-fish'll soon be down," said a red headed, roustabout clerk, whose business it was to attend to everything, from codfish to insurance. "He'll be down early this morning, for fear Christmas has upset some of us a bit."

"Tut, tut!" said the Captain, "you shouldn't call the ould man 'jelly-fish' that's mutiny; he's not a bad sort."

The red-headed man was pouring a scuttle of coal in the stove. He looked in blank, utter amazement at his companion, and the coal, diverted from the hole, pattered over the floor That anybody should defend old Weller's character — that one of his employees should speak well of him — was a revelation

"What's come over you?" he gasped "Has the old man given you a ship?"

"Never mind never mind," answered Bell soothingly

At that moment a heavy step sounded the latch lifted with a vicious rasp, and burly Old Man Weller stepped into the office. His old, fishy eyes searched the room for signs of something leading up to business

"Good mornin', sir," cheerily called out the Captain "compliments of the season."

"Hum" grunted Weller. "What did you do yesterday after you passed the Lion? — burnt up coal, I suppose."

"We had great luck, sir," exclaimed the Captain blithely

"Got back without being towed, eh?" sneered the other.

"We salvaged a big ship."

"You what?"

"Salvaged a ship," repeated the Captain, "and towed her into port last night. The b'ys are aboord of her now

The big man's face brightened until it became almost congenial. It was little things of this sort that touched his heart Nothing softened him so much as the making of a few thousand dollars; and it had been gained in a single day.

He became almost human

"I'm proud of you, Captain," he said, holding out his hand.

"Faith, I'm proud of meself!" ejaculated Bell ingenuously

"What's her name?" asked Weller

"The Santa Maria"

"She's a Spaniard, with that name There may be Spanish gold in her

"God knows!" replied the Captain "she's full of something. I'm sure it's a valuable cargo

"How is the salvage fixed?" queried Weller. "Were you first aboard, and did you claim it in the name of the tug an' her owner? Is she salvaged in my name?

The Captain explained the thing fully

"And who's this pilot you're crackin' about?" the owner asked

Bell explained

"Curse his meddlin' hide!" exclaimed Weller. "Will he be claimin' a bit of the salvage, too?"

"That he will," answered the Captain. "I felt like throwin' him overboord"

"It would have been a good riddance," snapped the great man, pacing impatiently up and down the office. "Where's the ship now?"

"Ridin' at anchor as sweet as a babe, off Nelson's dock."

"Come along, an' let's have a look at her. We can have a tot of something to warm us up on the way down," said Weller

"My Aunt!" muttered the clerk, as the two disappeared through the door; "the old jelly fish is getting generous."

From Nelson's dock they got a good view of the Santa Maria. It gladdened the avaricious heart of the rich man; it also set him thinking. If the cargo were as good as the hulk, the salvage would be something terrific It would be cruel to pay out so much good prize money to a worthless lot of fellows who would drink it up and be unfit for work in the meantime

His big brain hammered away at this point until it developed a plan

"Huh!" he [illegible]d thoughtfully, "we'll never get a dollar of salvage on yon ship. The owners will fight it in court till we're all in our graves. I know what that's like."

Bell's face fell. Courts are the terror of all mariners There was some dependence to be placed in a raging storm one could tell pretty near what it was going to do; but a law court, with solemn judges and fierce, questioning lawyers—that was terrible in its uncertainty!

Twice the Captain had been in the courts, each time for battering mutinous sailors over the head with a belaying-pin and each time he had been roasted and toasted by a shrill voiced attorney until he had wished to Heaven that he had been at the other end of the belaying pin himself. He fairly envied the men with the mashed heads; their punishment had been light compared with the tortures of the court inquisition In the end he had been fined, also assured by the Judge that he had just missed going to jail

"The courts are the very devil," continued the owner

"They're that, sir!" fervently echoed the Captain "I'd rather be in a cyclone in the Jane Ann, an' that's bad enough"

"The Jane Ann's a good sea-boat," exclaimed Weller angrily.

Bell said nothing, and the big man continued in a softer voice: "Come up to the office till we talk this thing over."

On the way he invited the Captain into the Mariner's Rest again, and treated him to two diplomatic toddies At the office he unburdened his mind

"It'll be a big fight over that salvage. I don't think it'll be good enough to risk Have you an' the boys money to pay for the litigation?"

"Money fer law!" exclaimed the Captain. "Money with the b'ys fer law! Sure they're all overdrawn in the slop chest."

"An' you'll expect me to pay the big court fees, eh? I'll not do it—not a blasted penny!

The Captain's heart was in his boots. He knew the old man would lose a hundred dollars rather than see one of them make fifty, he was that selfish

"But, sir," said Bell despondently, "I think the courts would give it to us

When you are in your graves," snapped the big man, "an' then if the owners said they'd had enough They'll never say that, though I know them. I'll tell you what I'll do, Bell"—the red headed clerk pricked up his ears as he stood beside his desk, listening to the inquisition. "You've always been a faithful servant to me—a good man—an' I never go back on a faithful servant."

The clerk smiled sardonically as he bent his head close down over the men's time sheets, where he had been busy cutting from their pay the slop-chest account

"I'll help you out in this matter if you'll deal fair. If you'll sign off your own claim, an' get the men to sign off I'll give every one of them twenty pounds, an' you fifty for your trouble."

"You'll never get them to agree to that, sir," said Bell decisively; "they're that built up over it"

"Then they'll not get the price of a red herring out of it," exclaimed Weller angrily. "I'll discharge every mother's son of you for disobeyin' orders in goin' down the bay"

He filled a black-bottomed clay pipe and sat sullenly sucking the rank smoke through its strong stem. Bell knew that mood; it meant unreasoning obstinacy. Right or wrong didn't matter; it was the power of money and influence behind a selfish, grasping nature

Men said that Weller was entirely bloodless—that he considered his fellows simply as tools to be used in building up his edifice of wealth. They were absolutely right

"I couldn't go to them with that offer, sir," said the Captain, breaking the ominous silence. "They'd never take it."

"I should think not," muttered the clerk to himself, dabbing his pen viciously in the ink. "The old shark!"

Weller didn't answer at once, but sat with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as though the whole matter were one of complete indifference to him

"Where are the men you said boarded the ship an claimed to be the crew? I ought to hear their story before I pay out even twenty pounds apiece I might lose it all"

This was a veiled threat; Bell knew that

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose they're somewhere about." He knew right enough, but he had no intention of playing the old man's game if he could help it

Never mind," exclaimed Weller magnanimously; "I don't want to be hard"

"Of course not, of course not!" muttered the clerk "you're soft as granite

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make it *fifty* pounds apiece, an' give you a hundred for yourself Go an' see the boys, an' if they'll sign off all claims for that I'll pay them cash out of hand an' take my chances, win or lose in the courts with the owners. If they don't agree, I'll fight on the other side, an' we'll see who comes out on top."

He rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe with sharp vicious taps on the top of the stove, buttoned up his pea jacket, and, with his square jaw set like a capstan, put his hand on the latch and, as he opened the door, said: "I'm going home to dinner; I'll be back in an hour. If the boys are willing to take the good offer I've made, have them here, an' we'll settle the thing in five minutes. If they're not willing, tell them to clear out of the ship, or I'll send the police aboard to remove them"

His burly figure rolled out of the door and, as it slammed to, the clerk put his pen behind his ear, came around the rough pine desk and, standing opposite the Captain, said mockingly, "The old man's not a bad sort"

"He's as hard as a second-hand clothes dealer," muttered Bell, staring moodily into the fire. "The b'ys'll not take it"

Then they'll take nothing," exclaimed Red Head "It's fair robbery, but they can't fight against that sort of thing It's your choice between the devil and the deep sea He'll hunt up that scab crew and break every one of you I know him. He's a beastly bad sort, that's what he is."

"You think I'd better advise the boys to take the fifty pounds?"

"I *think* nothing—but it's all they'll ever get; and they'll have to look sharp that he doesn't skin them out of that."

"I believe you're right, Baukes," said the Captain. "I'll go off an' tell them to take it"

"Wait a bit—try for more. Agree to that, with another fifty all around and a hundred for yourself if the old man secures the salvage. Have it hard and fast in writing Get a lawyer to draw it up."

I'll have to hurry," exclaimed Bell, "to be back on time

In an hour the Captain and the crew of the Jane Ann were back in the office, and, sharp on time, the owner brusqued in

"Good day to you, boys," he said, friendly enough "Good day, sir!" they responded, cap in hand. "You had rare fishin' yesterday," he continued with forced geniality

"Yes, sir."

"Well?" he asked, looking interrogatively at Captain Bell

The Captain coughed to clear his throat, pulled the lining in and out of his cap nervously [illegible] stammered "We've been talkin' it over, sir"

"That's right," snapped Weller encouragingly

We've been talking it over, an' the boys think it's not enough, sir."

What are they doing here, then?"

Well, we thought, sir, that we'd like to make an offer that appeared fair, not wantin' to be hard like on our side

The clerk nodded encouragingly at the speaker, who was watching him out of the corner of his eye

Didn't I tell you—never mind, spit it out! Let's have it You have queer ideas of what's fair, I've no doubt

"Well, sir, the boys'll take fifty pounds apiece, as you offered, an' I'll take a hundred; an' if you get the salvage they're to have another fifty, an' I'm to have another hundred."

There was silence for a minute like the lull before a storm

Weller scowled viciously at the men, who shifted uneasily All at once he made a discovery

Where's the pilot—I don't see him?

"He wouldn't agree to it, sir. He says he'll have the salvage or nothing, so we left him behind

Where is he?"

"On the ship."

"I'll fix him!" said the big man fiercely, "an' I'll just show him what he's missed. Come here, Baukes!" he commanded the clerk. "Draw up an agreement with these men an' the Captain in accordance with the bargain you've just heard. I'll show Mr Pilot—he'll not get a blasted penny

"Thank you, sir," said the Captain "Thank you, sir chimed the others, individually and in chorus

"An' make out checks to pay the amounts," Weller added

In an hour it was all settled

"I've done a great stroke of business this day," muttered the ship king to himself when the men had gone. "I've only one to fight; I'll break him"

"Get me a boat," he ordered the clerk, "an' come away aboard ship till I see what she's like, an' settle this pilot"

As Weller clambered like a great bear over the rail of the ship, he saw a big red faced man walking impatiently up and down the deck

Who are you, my good fellow?" he asked

"I'm the Captain of the ship, Dumfries Castle," the man answered touching his cap

"The Dumfries Castle? That's my ship. Where is she—gone to the bottom?

No, sir, this is the Dumfries Castle

Weller looked at the red faced man furiously He wasn't drunk, he must be mad

This is the Santa Maria" he exclaimed angrily

"Yes, sir, she was the Santa Maria before we went to Liverpool, but she changed owners there and they named her the Dumfries Castle

A sense of desolation came over the hard, grasping ship owner—and no wonder—for he realized that the Santa Maria was his own ship, salvaged by his own men. And not two hours since he had paid them heavily for thwarting the very scheme he had tried to carry through with the help of his hired villain in Liverpool

He understood it all now The Santa Maria was to have been battered on those rocks by the first storm His meddling crew had spoiled that

Also the red faced Captain knew. He had had his instructions from the agent in Liverpool, and this was the owner who was to have paid him much good money for something

He looked in the eyes of the ship king and Weller looked back into his—and they both knew

The money Weller had just paid out was gone hopelessly; the insurance would not come his way; and there was the pilot to settle with. He was mad clean through. He would fight the pilot anyway; and he did

The pilot carried the case into court. The crew of the tug were called as witnesses

It was going against Old Weller. There was no doubt that they had salvaged the ship, whoever owned it

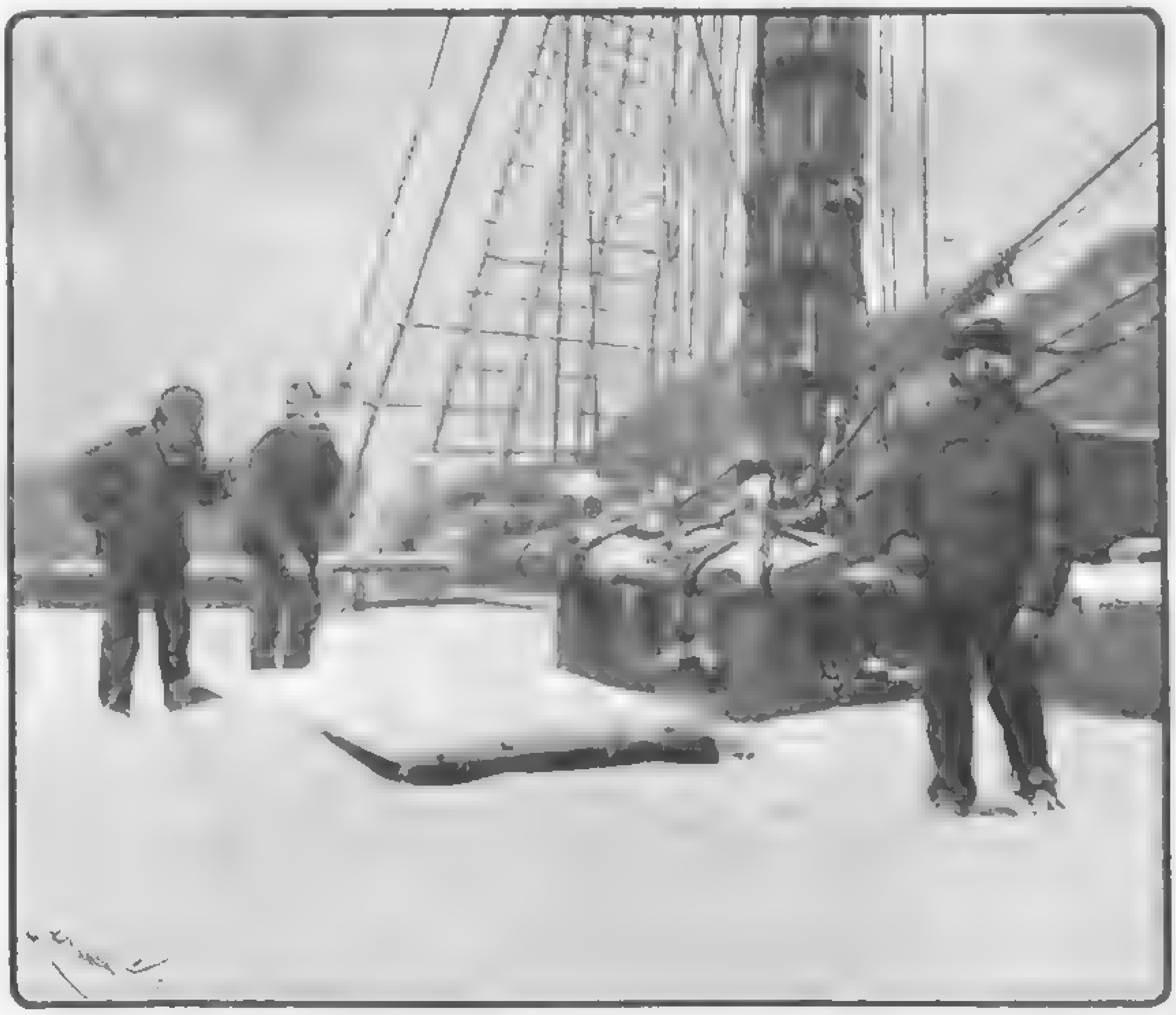
Billy Robinson was in the witness box

Suddenly the old man's lawyer, a vicious, ferret-faced little man, turning fiercely on the witness, said: "Now, Mr Robinson, you're not telling the truth; there was a live cat on the ship and you threw her overboard?"

Thrown off his guard by this sudden accusation, Billy answered angrily: "That's a lie! Jack O'Brien threw her over the side"

A roar of laughter followed this break, but the admission destroyed the pilot's claim

There was no salvage on the Santa Maria



DRAWN BY M. C. EDWARDS

—"HERE'S A CAT TRACK IN THE SNOW"

THE
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Taking Back Our Presents

IT IS a curious and suggestive fact that the people and papers that most lightly brushed aside Dewey's pretensions to the Presidency were among those most anxious to hand it to him in a suitably inscribed loving-cup during the ecstatic week which followed his return from Manila. Just why his cause, to which his bare "Yes," then, would have rallied an overwhelming host, should go unchampioned six months later does not appear at first glance. Perhaps the Admiral has changed—certainly he has changed his mind—and to this may be attributed the apathy of the country when it learned in April that he had yielded to the insistence of September. Perhaps, the Cleveland precedent to the contrary, matrimony is not always a help to the Presidency. Perhaps, after all, it is the people who have changed most, and not Dewey. For, though Republics are not ungrateful, their citizens, and especially their newspapers, are inclined at times to "slop over." They are too grateful all at once and altogether. They crowd into a week of gush, of fulsome praise and adulation the tribute that, properly diluted and spread out, should last their hero's lifetime. They jump to the conclusion that the highest office in the land is the only suitable reward for splendid service on the sea, without having decided to their final satisfaction that the qualities which scattered Spaniards and made their possessor preeminently the executive for a fleet are supplemented by that special equipment necessary for the executive of a nation.

We take a man, modest, straightforward and simple in manner and speech, and parade him beneath arches erected to his honor while a thousand bands din his glory in his ears, we toast him at civic breakfasts, glorify him at municipal luncheons and deify him at state dinners. We hang medals on his chest and jeweled swords by his side, and there are more sonorous speeches and engrossed resolutions. We set him up among the clouds, then go about our business, and wonder six months later, when he hits the ground, that he, too, has not forgotten our protestations.

Nor are heroes the only folk whom Americans rush to death. We are up and away after the latest author, the newest artist, the coming orator. We have our "rages" in books—our Chimmie Faddens, our Trilbys, our this, that and the other—and the wave that lifts them to the crest of popular favor slumps back so suddenly that the fiftieth or sixtieth edition is left stranded on the highest shelf of the publisher. Only a few days ago a once popular illustrator sailed for Europe, remarking to a reporter, who had been sent to the steamer to interview some one else, that the editors who had pleaded with him for a picture a few years before, politely showed him the door when he asked them for work now; he was going back to a country where a reputation once made was capital and art did not fluctuate like stocks.

With the best intentions in the world, we lack some sense of proportion in these things which, as we make history and literature, we shall gain. In our wish to honor courage and genius, we take a week off from business and have a national debauch of hero-worship. And the reaction is not always pleasant for the hero. As for Dewey, nothing can, in the long run, affect his place in the heart and history of the country. We have had a touch of Dewey indigestion. When we recover from that we may even change our minds again and proffer him the Presidency once more.

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Some men are born politicians, some achieve politics, and some have politics thrust upon them after marriage.

The Inconsistencies of Genius

"WITH consistency," says Emerson, "a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall."

A great many little souls seem to hold the same view of their relation to what O'Connell called "that rascally virtue." Both great and little feel like Portia when she says "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."

The world has known few better moral or political teachers than Edmund Burke. When the painter Barry was wasting his time and energy at Rome in furious quarrels with artists and dilettanti about pictures and picture-dealing, Burke wrote wisely and kindly to him that "the arms by which the ill dispositions of mankind are to be combated . . . are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence of others and a great deal of distrust of ourselves. . . . Nothing can be so unworthy of a well composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings—in snarling and scuffling with every one about us."

So much for Burke as a preacher; now for his practice. When the Revolution raged in France, he was so embittered against it that he lost, at times, all his kindly feeling and self-control. Riding one day in the carriage of a gentleman who had kindly offered to take him to his lodgings in London, he insisted on leaving it instantly when the owner had dropped a few words implying sympathy with the Revolutionists. Quarreling with Fox for the same reason, Burke would not grant him an interview, but positively refused to see him, when, nobly forgetting their differences, Fox went down to see his old friend as he lay ill at Beaconsfield.

Doctor Johnson was one of the sagest of moralists and wrote admirable essays on politeness and courtesy, yet in a heated controversy he never hesitated to interrupt his opponent with, "You lie, sir!" "You are a vile Whig, sir!" and other such insults. Defining "pension" in his dictionary as "pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country," he did not hesitate to accept from George the Third a pension for himself.

Burns knew and sang that "prudent, cautious self control is Wisdom's root;" but he could not resist the temptation to drink to excess, or to let fly a harsh and witty sarcasm at another's expense, although every joke made him half a score of enemies.

Some years ago a lady of our acquaintance was asked during a conversation with a celebrated New York preacher why she had withdrawn from a certain church and united with another. When she replied that some of its members had manifested such a factious spirit that she could no longer associate with them in church relationship, he said: "But, madam, what will you do with them in the next world?"

—[illegible]

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It is better to think all you say than to say all you think.

❧

The Common-Sense Making of History

IT IS hard for us to realize that we are making history. History-making seems such a stately, dignified process, conducted by men in powdered wigs, men who never lost their heads or their tempers, who called each other "Honored Sir," and who, instead of shouting, "That's false!" calmly but firmly remarked, "I have the honor to disagree with my learned brother." And then, history-making has always been so utterly lacking in uncertainty. The men who opposed progress—for, of course, there have been a few, such as Pontius Pilate and George the Third—have been so plainly in the wrong and so certainly in the way of Destiny that they could not have caused much worry.

True, of course, Washington had his defeat on Long Island and his winter at Valley Forge, but what were a few lost battles to a man whom Destiny had marked? Later, there was some little dispute when it came to framing a system of government for the new-born nation. Some men thought the States should have greater power, while others were sure they should give up more to the general government. Then there were conflicts between the large and small States over representation in Congress and the Electoral College, but, in the light of experience, we feel sure the debate could have been little more than mere form.

How different seem the conditions that confront us now! We see ourselves with new empires on our hands. With no experience to guide us we must provide for the government of these empires. Part of our statesmen are sure they have laid out the right course. Another part is convinced of the opposite. The rest are sure we must discard these empires altogether or suffer some terrible national calamity. All this time the factions are hurling at each other such terms as "demagogue" and "jingo," "rascal" and "knave." It all looks like confusion—so different from our idea of the stately processes of our ancestors! We feel that the art of making history and adjusting the affairs of empire has been lost; we feel that some fearful blunder impends.

When we reach this frame of mind it is time for us to look at the acts of our older history-makers more carefully. Perhaps we can best do this by putting ourselves in their places. By doing so we shall be brought to realize that opposition meant to the promoters of the Declaration of Independence just what it means to us; that uncertainty to Washington meant the same, in a magnified degree, as uncertainty to an American General in the Philippines, and that the makers of our Constitution, sure that the failure of their plans meant ruin, laid aside their powdered wigs and fought with canes and dueling pistols. We shall find them assembling in angry mass meetings to protest against principles that have since become fundamental in our government, we shall find some of them dying unhappy in the belief that all hope of a successful government had been destroyed in the defeat of their particular measures.

Destiny does not tell men when she places her mark on them. Perhaps she has marked us. Who can tell?

—[illegible]

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Woman may be a coquette, but she is seldom a politician.

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Boycotting the Trust-Makers

IT WAS freely predicted by every one that the startling disclosures of the suit between Mr. Henry Clay Frick and Mr. Andrew Carnegie regarding the vast profits and increase of wealth in their steel works at Pittsburg would have a powerful bearing upon the movement against trusts. The idea of one man having an income of $24,867,000 in one year, as Mr. Carnegie had last year, is almost paralyzing, and even the most conservative people declare that such an inequitable distribution of profits cannot long go on without disturbances to the social and political system. We call these men the money kings of the country and ascribe to them all the royalty of cash.

Naturally, the poor resent the conditions that make such profits possible, but the trouble is that if we who are not rich vent ourselves against these men we are apt to encounter some very interesting facts. Andrew Carnegie was a son of a weaver, and he began work in Pittsburg as a bobbin boy in a linen factory at $1.20 a week. Mr. Frick, his rival, who has now become again his ally through the compromise arranged by the lawyers, was the son of a Pennsylvania farmer, and he got his education in the little red schoolhouse, and began his business career as a clerk in a dry goods store. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the President of the Carnegie Steel Company, which pays such enormous profits to Messrs. Carnegie, Frick and others, was the driver of a mail wagon and a grocery clerk. His salary is now $50,000 a year and he has an important interest in the company. The next largest stockholder is Mr. Phipps, whose father was a shoemaker. So it seems to be with a great many of the other trusts and corporations. It is the poor boys who have done big things, and, like ordinary people, the more they get the more they want, and, with some exceptions, the more they try to hold on to it.

In one of his speeches out West, President Hadley, of Yale, suggested that the social pressure might be brought against the people who got their incomes from trusts. Some of the reporters said that he suggested ostracism, but this word did not appear in his remarks. The idea is there, however, and it might seem to be a good one, for there is nothing more powerful than the boycott of society; but the inevitable difficulty is that even were such a thing tried it would be found that most of the alleged boycotters would be entertaining secret envies for the very persons whom they were trying to condemn.

These, of course, are mere side lights upon a great question, but they enter powerfully into the final solution.

—[illegible]

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The corporation that pays big dividends and small salaries generally has to increase the salaries to keep up the dividends.

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The American Sweetheart

THE artists in types—the story writers, the illustrators and the painters—have applied themselves with commendable perseverance and ingenuity to the task of delineating "The American Girl." It is passing strange, however, that they have failed to hit upon a type equally and as finely representative of an element of individuality distinctly American as the "little red schoolhouse," and as universal. This personage is the mistress of the district school. She is the American sweetheart.

How many thousands of American boys have had the first stirrings of sentiment awakened by the charms of "the new teacher," and paid her their earliest adorations? So universal has been her court, so broad her sway, that it is scarcely too sweeping an assertion to say that her subjects have included almost every country-reared man since the old-time "master," with his bundle of birchen rods, betook himself to more masculine pursuits and left the rostrum of the district school to the feminine invader. That the recipient of these bashful devotions has generally been many years the senior of her small lovers has never been known to check their ardor.

Years are but trifles unconsciously brushed aside by the boy whose first ideal of womanly loveliness is embodied in the girlish creature from the neighboring town or village who has come to establish her throne on the platform of the country school. Not even the taunt of "teacher's pet" is sufficient to deter him from heaping her desk with the first wild violets of the season, the odorous plumes of lilacs, and the rosy first fruits of the old home orchard. With awkward ardor he waits upon her, smiles, and receives with bashful joy words of approval and sympathetic caresses. Each change of her apparel is noted with jealous eyes. When, with the coming of spring, she appears in the modest splendor of a starched percale, he sees her clothed in new charms.

She makes subtle appeal to all his finer instincts and touches into quick response the secret springs of sentiment that have been shut away from the hands of mother, sister and playmate, and masked by the calloused countenance of boyhood. There is not a grace or a virtue for which the mistress of the district school does not stand in the thought of the boy whose heart she has conquered. To him, and to the rural community, she is the torch bearer of civilization, the prophetess of learning.

—FORREST CRISSEY.

At the English Capital

FEW Americans, in all probability, have ever heard of Mr. Joseph Cowen, at one time a member of Parliament for that Newcastle to which they do not carry coals, and who has just died. Yet Mr. Cowen once "did" America as a tourist, and what is more, he wrote a series of articles about his experiences in the United States, and still more wonderful, the series ultimately blossomed into a book. But in the book there was one omission, which omission is the subject of this paragraph.

The Perils of a Lack of Humor

MR. COWEN edited, owned, and otherwise possessed a newspaper which enjoyed an immense circulation in the North of England; in fact, it was, and to-day is, one of the most generally read papers in populous Durham and Northumberland, and every miner in that district of underground industry swears by the Newcastle Chronicle. Nevertheless, it is gravely to be doubted whether all the miners' picks driven home by the united power of Lord Armstrong's steam hammers could have driven a joke into the head of Mr. Cowen. To be sure, one of the articles in the series was devoted to American newspapers. On the whole, Mr. Cowen thought them dangerous to the country's well-being, and, as a rule, scandalous productions. Unfortunately the Member of Parliament gave an illustration of the sort of writings he considered objectionable.

He said that in passing through Arizona he had purchased a copy of a paper peculiarly named the Arizona Kicker, and this was the kind of paragraphs that appeared therein. Then followed long extracts from M. Quad's famous series of humorous articles. At the time Mr. Cowen's experiences were appearing in the Newcastle Chronicle the Detroit Free Press published its weekly edition in London simultaneously with its appearance in Detroit. M. Quad's articles were running in the Free Press. So the London editor wrote to Mr. Cowen saying that he was rather interested in American newspapers and would be under many obligations to Mr. Cowen if he would kindly let him glance at the copy of the Arizona Kicker, or, if the copy had not been preserved, would Mr. Cowen let him know the size and get up of the Arizona Kicker. But no answer came, for no sooner had the Member of Parliament's article appeared than the Newcastle Chronicle offices were inundated by a flood of letters laughing at the absurd density of the editor. Mr. Cowen had to get out of the mess somehow, so he, in the next week's issue of his paper, published an article in which he said his attention had been called to the fact that there was no such [illegible] as the Arizona Kicker, but that it only proved the unreliability of the American press that one of the most popular papers in America should palm off such a series of untruths as truths on the public.

This was going a bit too far. The editor of the Detroit Free Press instructed his solicitor to enter suit for libel against Mr. Cowen. Now, in England a libel is a most grave affair, and Mr. Cowen had no alternative. He at once climbed down, admitted publicly that he had been dense, and apologized. So ended the tragedy of the Arizona Kicker. Mr. Cowen was a hard working and capable man, but he could not see a joke.

The Rt. Hon. John Morley's Misdemeanor

THE Right Honorable John Morley, who is busily engaged in writing the life of W. E. Gladstone, is not given to joking, neither is he supposed to take a keen interest in poetry. But he looks with considerable suspicion on any rapid extension of the territory of the Empire, believing that Great Britain has her hands full to govern the 400,000,000 subjects she to-day controls. He is, in fact, what the rabid Imperialists have named a "Little Englander." But Mr. Morley is not a local Little Englander; he believes it to the disadvantage of any great country to take on her shoulders the administration of territories far removed from her shores, and peopled by men of a different race and religion from those who are to rule.

I have just heard of a letter written by Mr. Morley to an American friend of his who resides in London. The letter was penned shortly after the taking of Manila by the American fleet. The bulk of the letter consisted of two lines from the Ettrick Shepherd's famous poem to the Skylark. No one gave Mr. Morley credit for knowing Hogg's poems, nor would many believe that the staid and studious statesman would unbend enough to make a pun. But he did. His note runs: "Ask your great Republic

"'Where on thy "Dewey" wing
Where art thou journeying?'

"Your Friend, JOHN MORLEY."

John Bull, John Peel and the Slim Boer

WITHOUT a doubt, every American newspaper has ere this printed the old Duke of Cambridge's comment on Dr. Conan Doyle, when His Royal Highness hobbled forth to inspect the volunteer medical corps—of which the famous novelist is a member—on the eve of its departure for South Africa. The Duke's astonished "What's that!" when he clapped eyes on the burly form of the volunteer is likely to stick to the jovial Doctor all the days of his life.

The Duke is the same age as his cousin, Queen Victoria, and is as crabbed as a gouty Anglo-Saxon can be, and he does not like novelists and journalists and such like trash. In this English Capital some weeks ago, I related how the Duke was largely responsible for that brilliant disaster, Balaklava, owing to his tardiness in obeying orders—he was then in command of a brigade—but in his old age he looks for complete, unquestioning obedience in others, and felt himself deeply wronged when the command of the British Army was taken out of his hesitating hands and placed in those of Lord Wolseley.

Last week the Duke's own yeomanry sailed from Southampton for Cape Town, and the old fellow bravely faced a heavy, chilling rain to see the boys off. They were a terribly "swagger" lot, these yeomanry, each man having paid £150 for the privilege of being allowed to fight, and having furthermore donated all pay allowed them as soldiers to the Lord Mayor's "Widow and Orphan Fund." They are all hunting men; that is, habitual riders to hounds, and splendid shots.

Just before the Dunvegan Castle sailed with this corps, and when the boys in khaki were clambering up the shrouds and decorating the most inaccessible positions with their presence, a man with a cornet stood out on the wharf and launched forth into the famous hunting song, John Peel. The great ship trembled to the sound of the yeomanry lungs. When the din subsided, a regular soldier, an out-and-out Tommy Atkins, who stood looking, with a comrade, at the scene, raised his voice and shouted: "It's John Peel all right in front of the Dook, but in front of the Boers it'll be John Skin-out with you swells." And his comrade, not to be outdone, supplemented this insult with, "They says the Boers is 'slim,' but I'll lay you fellows will be bloomin' limp w'en ye sees 'em."

The Earl of Cadogan's Lesson in Manners

WHEN the Queen's daughter married the Duke of Argyle's eldest son, the Highland retainer of the Duke nodded his head and said, "Her Majesty will be a proud woman the day." Well, the Earl of Cadogan the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is a London landlord, and London tenants have no loyal feelings toward the landowner, so that the Queen's visit to Ireland and her stay at the Lord Lieutenant's house will not be looked upon as one causing the old lady to blush from the unwonted honor. The Earl of Cadogan is a superfine young aristocrat and a Tory of the old school; he is as rich as Crœsus, and reactionary in everything. No one questions his ability, and considerable experience of public life has made him much less exclusive and haughty than he used to be.

Some years ago, when he was young and inconsiderate, he spent a few days fishing on the Tweed. He had as his boatman and ambassador to the court of King Salmon the famous fisherman known as Robert of Treus. You must understand that even a Tammany boss is nothing like such an autocrat as a Tweed fisherman-gillie. In the gillie's eyes dukes and lords and notabilities are dirt compared with a good fisherman. Robert of Treus was a famous character, and as gruffly independent as oatmeal porridge can make 'em. He had rowed the Earl of Cadogan to a choice pool in the river, and Cadogan began to fish. Presently the noble Earl drew from his pocket an exquisite flask of silver and gold, took a pull at it, replaced the stopper and slipped the flask back into his pocket without offering the great Robert a sip. Robert's brows fell, but he said nothing.

In the course of half an hour Cadogan repeated the operation. When the flask a second time disappeared, the fisherman grasped the oars and began lustily to pull for shore. The Earl, who had been flung down by the suddenness of the start, turned to his gillie and asked, "What in thunder are you doing?"

"Rowing ashore," gruffly answered the Scotsman.

"Ashore! Why?" inquired the nobleman.

"Well, My Lord," said Robert, "a mann that can drink whiskey by himsel' can fush for fush by himsel'."

Robert got his drink. —F. W. Sabel.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Thompson's editorial on The Curse of Wings is a little too pessimistic. Why do you leave it to the poet to use all the crimson and gold, while you use only forbidding colors? Wouldn't it be better for all concerned to mix optimism and pessimism just a little, and make one good picture instead of hanging two bad ones side by side? For instance, when your burglar is winging his way to parts unknown, think how exciting it would be for the bluecoat to follow in hot chase, to catch him at last and bring him back on a palatial overland air ship. Then the police would have another advantage, they could sit on the chimney and wait for the burglar to come out either back or front way, and pounce on him like a hawk on a sparrow.

Then, too, Congress would have a chance to forget expansion and free silver while passing innumerable acts regulating the flights of vultures and time. The Filipino war would soon be brought to a close, for, with the help of wings, it would be possible to capture Aguinaldo, provided he didn't have wings, too. A winged army would be a possibility, but they could not swoop. Concentration of forces would be too easy. If an army were getting ready to start, of course there would be a scout near with wings of a swallow to speed away to give notice. And think of the battle royal in the air.

But turn from war, burglars and murder and look at the brighter side of winged humanity! There would be no more young couples moping along wishing for the moon to go behind a cloud. If the moon would not move they would, as soon as a cloud showed itself. So let [illegible]ves at once and wish for the wings of a bird. I did last night anyway, when the old couple walked on my heels all the way from the park.

Belhaven, North Carolina. J. T. JOHNSTON.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. H. C. Kegley's strictures upon "Machine-Made Charity" in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST suggest the importance of distinguishing between those societies whose aim is merely the alleviation of distress and those whose purpose includes results more radical and permanent.

In a sense, all societies which help the poor are "charitable organizations," for they are organizations with charitable ends in view. To some of these Mr. Kegley's criticism may justly apply, but certainly not to that system which is especially and in a restricted sense denominated Organized Charity, a system which came into vogue in the city of London in 1869 and in this country about ten years later. A main purpose with the originators and advocates of that system has always been to make available for the unfortunates just those "spiritual tonics that refresh and strengthen the heartsick." They have recognized from the start the great value of friendly, neighborly ministration, and much of their so-called machinery has been invented for the sole purpose of making such ministration possible.

In rural or village communities, where the people are well acquainted with each other, benevolence may be brought into contact with the misfortune, material or spiritual, which it seeks to relieve, simply and easily, but amid the complex conditions of city life this is not so. The wide separation of classes socially, even geographically, and a multitude of coordinate influences make the apparently simple matter of judiciously assisting the poor a problem of real difficulty; difficulty which is at once realized by those who earnestly endeavor to do this work. Not only sympathy, but reflection, discrimination and experience are found to be essential for the attainment of success.

A simple illustration shows what place in organized charity is occupied by its much criticised machinery. In a cottage upon a by-road there is a poor family in dire need of food, fuel, sympathy and friendship, half a mile distant there is a benevolent woman who has heard of their needs and resolves to go to their assistance. She starts, but finds the roads blockaded by heavy drifts of recently fallen snow, until the way is opened she cannot reach them. Fortunately, while she is considering the difficulty, a party of workmen with shovels, horses and carts appear upon the scene and soon the drifts are removed or beaten down, and a road is cleared through which the first passenger is the lady intent upon a benevolent errand.

Just so much of the machinery of organized charity performs the function of the snow-shovelers and road openers. It exists for the purpose of clearing the way through the complex obstacles incident to modern urban conditions and thus giving an opportunity to personal [illegible]istration—that wondrous force for the upbuilding of character and the regeneration of life, the force of a noble personality acting, as it must act to be most efficient, face to face, hand to hand, heart to heart.

It is not perfect work, it partakes of the imperfection inherent in all human effort, but it is good, faithful work of great potentiality for the future, not only of the poor, but of the entire community. It goes unceasingly. As the years pass, every day some saddened homes are brightened by the coming of those who, aside from material relief and beyond it, bring with them sympathy, aspiration and hope.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. JAMES WILSON WALK.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Some important points in economics have developed in Chicago.

The Mayor has made the public statement that in 1898 the receipts from the water department were $3,[illegible], and that the expenditures of that department for that year were $[illegible], also he said that the expenditures were not more than eight and a half per cent of the receipts for the same period.

Taken in connection with the fact that Chicago furnishes water at a little over half the usual private-ownership prices, a valuable point in favor of public ownership is clearly ma[illegible].

It is estimated by experts—so says the Mayor—that the present water charge will, in less than four years, pay the many millions of dollars which are now being put into extensive water improvements—mains, etc. This brings us to the consideration of the justice of a proposition now being made: that the immense surplus of this fund be then turned to the other funds—boulevards, etc.

Some of the points which suggest themselves to me are: That people should have water at cost of carriage, that they should not be made to pay water tax to increase values and rentals on boulevards, that the cost of water should be as low as possible in order that the quantity might be as great as possible, from considerations of both comfort and sanitation, that, at the present cost of very many times more than the expense all the tenement districts could be kept fresh and pure by the use of no more water than they themselves paid for, that the little patches of green could be kept in luxurious growth with no need of police surveillance to keep the water off the grass.

Chicago, Illinois. ALLEN HENRY SMITH.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The common people are not so well off as two years ago. Prices have advanced and productions are reduced. On some lines of goods the high prices have killed the demand. The writer spent one day recently, riding on the trolley cars in the eight square miles at the south end of Chicago where 200,000 people live, and not one dwelling-house was in course of construction. In Hyde Park, Chicago, where the rich folk live, could be seen many new houses.

The farmer must compete with the world. The wheat harvesting machines are humming in some part of the world every week in the year. After the wheat has been loaded in the ships, distance from market makes but a cent or two difference in the price. The farmer's year's work does not buy for him one half of the comforts of life the same endeavor would have bought two years ago. Fence wire was sold two years ago and is sold here to-day, without profit to the retailer. Two years ago the farmer could buy here one hundred pounds of fence wire for two bushels of wheat. To-day it will take six bushels of wheat to buy one hundred pounds of fence wire. At this rate the trusts are getting the wealth and the common people are getting poorer.

Pentwater, Michigan. S. E. RUSSELL.

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, April, 1900

I AM wondering if any one who has sat through these lowering, darkening days and watched the Senate in its final throes with the Puerto Rican Bill has been reminded of the incantation scene in Macbeth? To me not a stage property has been missing. The dark Senate chamber, only half lighted, has been the cave. The stage thunder and lightning has been the jeers, taunts, innuendoes and threats that have flashed and played around the desks. The cauldron has been the bill, into which has been thrown every ingredient of the political broth from "sweltered venom sleeping got" down to "scale of dragon," "tooth of wolf," "adder's fork" and "blind worm's sting." Even Hecate has not been missing from the scene, nor even Hecate's short, stiff lock of gray hair that stood straight up from a bald place on the back of the head. So deep was the whole fantastic impression upon me during the last hours before the vote was taken, that I half expected to see Senators join hands around the cauldron and to hear the incantation rise up to the gallery

Double, double, toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble

I sat all during the final struggle in the Senate gallery. I wanted, of course, to see the test, in this deliberative body, of a bill that seemed to be demonstrating one thing and one thing only, that party madness is the "madness of many for the gain of a few," and as I watched the tactics of the leaders of this measure I could not help thinking of certain young politicians who had come here to the Capital only a few short months ago, high with hope and courage and purpose, purpose to be useful to their party and to their States, [illegible] to be true to their principles, and hope [illegible] to live up to their ideals. Where were some of them now? Out fighting for their political lives with the likelihood of having to give them up. One of these is Robert. True, Robert, thanks to the pluck and resources of Senator P——, is likely to come up to the surface again, for he wired us the very next day after Senator P—— had suggested a plan to him, that the plan was working capitally and that he was likely soon to return home, not much the worse for his political ducking. Still, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the proof of Robert's escape will be his election by the Legislature to the United States Senate, and the acknowledgment of his credentials by the latter when he shall have walked the seven hundred and thirty-one feet which lie between the doors of the House of Representatives and the doors of the Superior House of Congress. Pending Robert's return home, which may be almost at any hour, I have assuaged my unrest over his political muddle by continually watching the proceedings in the Senate, where I have changed my seat in the galleries in order to keep up with the procession

The day that Senator Proctor made his great speech I sat on the Republican side of the chamber, where I could watch every expression and gesture, not only of the speaker himself, but of his opponents who sat all about him in attentive quiet. I [illegible] wanted to face Mr. Foraker to note [illegible] possible effect the speech might have [illegible] him, and that the apparently unanswerable argument of the gentleman from Vermont did have an effect was evidenced by the continual tapping of his foot and by the impatient movement of his head. When Senator Proctor rose to speak, Senator P—— glanced up into the gallery at me with a slight inclination of the head as much as to say, "Note every word he utters, it will be worth while," and I did note every word

So did the entire chamber. I was somewhat taken up at first with the old fashioned dress and style of the man, for, from the wide loose skirts of his frock coat and the careless adjustment of his cravat down to the tip of his boots, he was as plain and simple and strong as the rugged hills of his native State, and the words which fell from his lips were as simple and unadorned as his dress. But as I began to notice the effect of his strong words and phrases and saw the senior Senator from Ohio wince under them, saw the approval of nods and smiles on the other side of the chamber, saw such men as Mr. Allison and Mr. Cullom move about restlessly, saw the fixed stare on the face of the Vice President *pro tem* at the likening of the situation to that in the time of George the Third, I knew that though the speech would not stay the Senate one instant in its purpose to pass the bill, it might, perhaps in the months to come, stay the [illegible] for, on the [illegible] question from [illegible] been an untimely storm, this particular speech might be likened to the storm which "makes wise men expect a dearth."

Scarcely had the Senate begun to recover from this speech when Senator P—— came up to speak a word to me and to learn the latest news of Robert's progress out in Spruce City. Ever since the day that Senator P—— tried to get consent from party headquarters that Robert should be permitted to state the real reason of his vote, Senator P—— has had a harassed look on his face. I have been tempted more than once to ask him the cause of this evident anxiety, but, on looking around upon the other Republican Senators who are opposing this bill, I find the same look of tension and strain. I was noticing this expression of his face as he joined me

"I see that certain Republicans are throwing out hints that there is some motive in Proctor's speech, but no one presumes to say what

"You don't believe that, do you?" I asked

"No," he replied quietly

"I've noticed one thing," I said, "that Mr. Hanna never opens his lips save to answer to the roll call. Where is his power

The Senator shrugged his shoulders and said

"Not in his tongue, Mrs. Slocum, but luckily for him he knows it

"Well, I always thought Congress was the happy hunting ground of the orator," I said

"So it is, over in the House, but the Senate in these latter days will only take oratory in small, broken doses

A day or two after this, when the closing hours of the last day of the debate were on I changed my seat in the gallery and went over to the Democratic side of the chamber, and Page went with me on this occasion. I wanted to be close to the spot around which the fight would rage, for it is on that side that Senator Foraker sits, and Senator Foraker was the standard bearer of the bill and of the party. There was thunder in the air, and it did not seem to me that so foul a sky could clear without a storm

I sat where I could look directly down upon the senior Senator from Ohio. Before him was every print that had been made of the bill, together with all its amendments. I could see every nervous beat of his foot, every impatient drumming of his fingers on his desk, and note his face every time some shaft pierced his armor; and the shafts and bolts that were hurled at him were many and telling. Through some of them he sat as though putting a force upon himself to remain silent, but at some of them he sprang to his feet in response, even swinging out into the open space in front of his desk under the lash of some opponent's words, while the dark red blood would mount to his head in such a wave that it would show plainly through his whitening hair. His voice, penetrating and harsh, rose and fell either in explanation, retort, denial or defiance. From the zest and passion with which the Senator from Ohio fought his battle it almost seemed that he was cut upon the same pattern as King Richard, and that he might at any moment exclaim, "My dancing soul doth celebrate this feast of battle with mine enemies."

To make the picture of this warrior more complete, and as though to emphasize the source of the battle cry, there flocked to his standard three of Ohio's most favored sons. First there came across the yellow carpet of the Senate arena the fast-aging Mr Hanna, who stepped carefully, leaning at times heavily upon his cane. He took up his position to the right of the standard bearer. Just a bit later came the genial Mr Grosvenor, with a red carnation in his button hole. He had come all the way from the House to see that no blood should be spilled. After Mr Grosvenor came Colonel Dick, also from the House, also from Ohio, and these mighty men made a formidable group of four

Behind them, from the background of desks, bobbed up, now and then, the smiling face of Mr Depew. Sometimes there would be a slight change in the personnel of the men who formed the centre of the fight. Sometimes Mr Chandler would cross between bolts and lean upon the chieftain's desk. Sometimes it was Mr. Lodge, who, hands in pockets, would slip across the yellow carpet

[illegible]

Mr Culberson was waving the Constitution in a vain effort to stay the battle

Editor's Note — The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3. Each paper is complete in itself.

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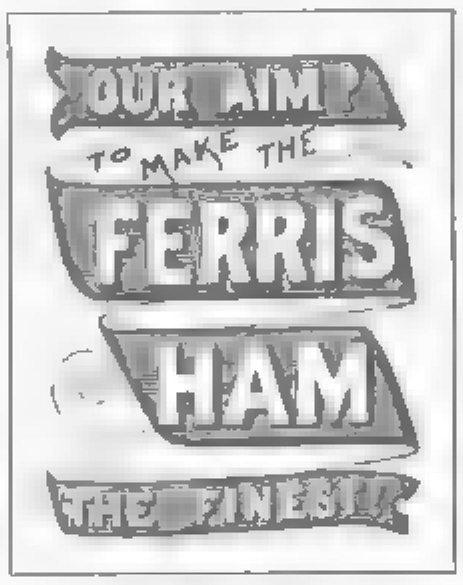

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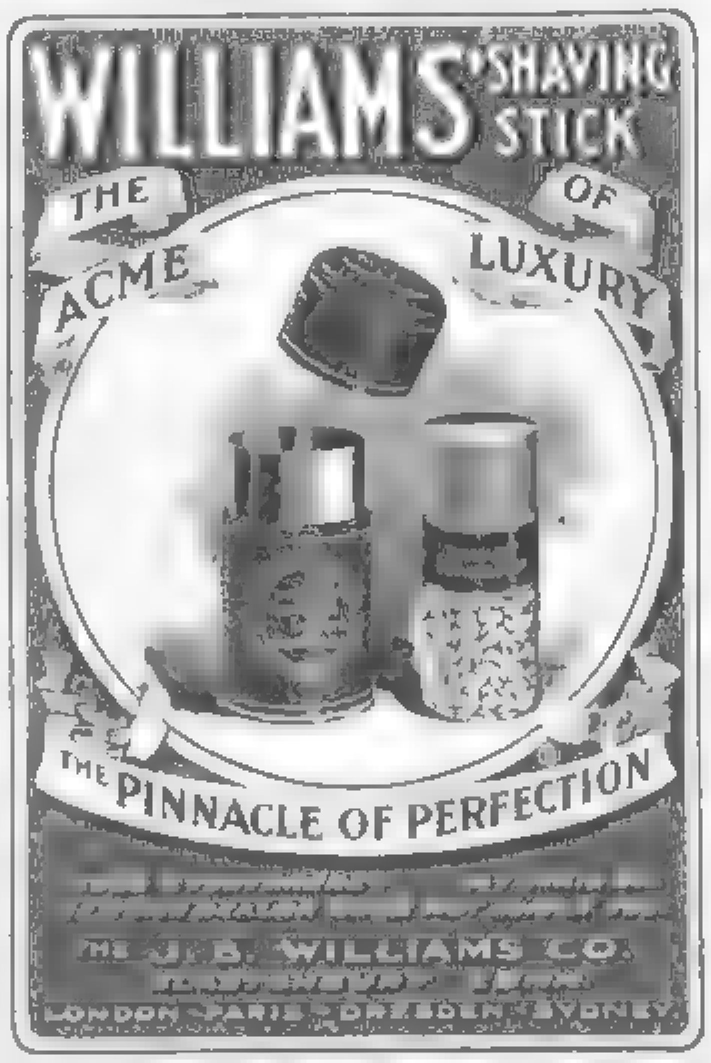

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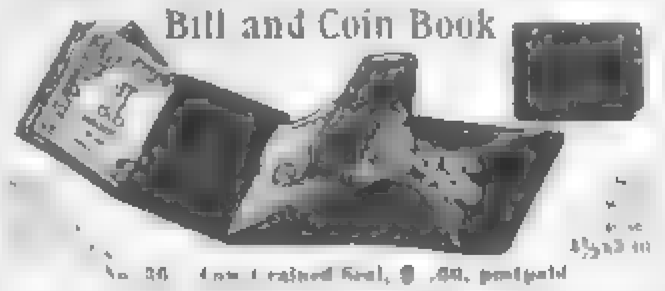

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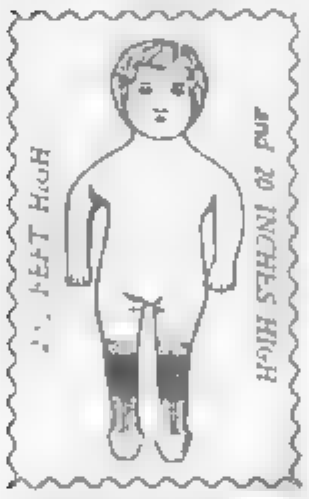

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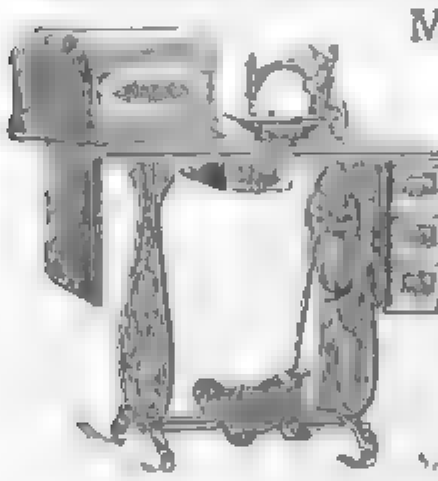

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and speak an encouraging word. Oftener it was shaggy little Mr. Spooner, who talked so incessantly and so loudly across the chieftain's desk that, while the Texan, Mr. Culberson, was waving the Constitution in a vain effort to stay the battle, the Chair had to wield the gavel in order to hear the Constitution expounded, as it was being done most ably and brilliantly.

While the fight was at its height one little side issue attracted my attention. I noticed a tall man going about, stepping very gingerly around and in between the desks. He was distributing slips of engraved paper. When he came around to the group of fighters just under our eyes and handed one of these slips to each man, I touched Page to attract her attention to it. She looked for a moment, then whispered:

"Uncle Sam's payin' 'em for their jobs, I reckon."

I smiled at her blunt way of putting it, and then I watched each man accept this slip of paper; even the senior Senator from Ohio took his attention long enough from the fight around him to tuck his away in his vest pocket. Mr. Hanna was the only man who turned his slip of paper over on its back, wrote something thereon and gave it back whence he had received it. I whispered:

"I wonder why Mr. Hanna does not put his in his pocket, too?"

"'Cause they say he pays his all to his Sec'etary," Page whispered back.

Colonel Dick—one of a farm dairy group of four from Ohio

Meantime, while our attention had been engaged with Uncle Sam's very public performance, the Honorable Billy Mason had risen up on the other side of the chamber and was pounding vigorously upon a pile of books on the desk in front of him, and I must say, in all justice to him, that while he pounded he gave vent to some decidedly bright and pointed remarks. True, the Chair all during these remarks sat with eyes rolled up to the squares of lighted glass which are let into the ceiling of the Senate chamber, but I noticed that, though the Chair was bored into oblivion, most of the noted men of the Senate gave him their closest attention. To be sure, he made about as much headway against the final issue as a squirrel would have done in a revolving cage, but we could not expect him to succeed when such men as Mr. Proctor and Mr. Davis had failed. His intentions were good, and, after all, Goethe tells us that "in the works of man as in those of Nature it is the intention which is chiefly worth studying."

I was not sorry when the hour of all that weary day came around for the vote to be taken, and I must confess that I became rather bewildered by the amendments which were sprung in this final hour, for Mr. Davis did not abandon, even in this last moment, his struggle for a free trade amendment; but I was not the only one who was muddled. The genial Mr. Depew kept me distinguished company, for he had voted "no" so many times to the amendments that when the bill itself was before the Senate he did not recognize it and voted a loud and vigorous "No." There was an instant of surprised hush all over the chamber, during which, no doubt, his colleagues thought that one of the fold was lost to them, but suddenly the junior Senator from New York realized the situation and, springing to his feet, he called out lustily, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" And his vote was changed and recorded properly, while a mighty laugh went up from the chamber.

When everything was over and we were half way out of the gallery, and were feeling glad that the excitements of the day were at an end, we were suddenly made aware that something was going on in the chamber below that had not been down on the program. I did not wish to lose anything, so I went back to look down and see what the loud, threatening voices meant. There stood Senator Wolcott and Senator Lodge, facing each other like a couple of game-cocks, while Senator Chandler stood sardonically by, throwing in occasional fire-brands. The Chair was pounding loudly for order, while Senators came flocking down to the scene of action. Everybody talked at once, and I could only hear two or three phrases, such as "unanimous consent," "unfinished [illegible]," "Senator Quay."

It was difficult to tell what it was all about or to tell who was the angriest man on the floor, but I decided that Senator Wolcott was the maddest of them all. Though Mr. Lodge pushed him pretty closely in the matter of loud talk, it was evident that Mr. Wolcott's remarks were something in the nature of a sensation. Yet as suddenly as this tempest had arisen, so it subsided, and the call of the roll was demanded. If there is anything that is calculated to cool Senatorial temper it is the roll-call, and by the time it was over the Senate was ready to adjourn.

I did not learn until we met Senator P[illegible] in the corridor outside the Senate chamber, after adjournment, that the funny fracas which we had just witnessed was the first blood drawn in the contested case of Mr. Quay, and that there are likely to be stormy scenes in the Senate before it is settled. We felt pretty sure, Page and I, that now the sensations were really over for the day, but alas for human calculation! We had scarcely set foot upon the steps outside the Capitol when we found the air was ringing with the cries of the newsboys who were shouting out something from the evening papers.

"Something has happened," I said with [illegible].

We both stopped to try to catch the jumble of words that came from the distance. We even asked one or two persons who were hurrying out of the Capitol. No one knew what it was.

"It's somethin' about Dewey," said Page at last, whose ears were keener than mine.

"Some calamity, I fear," I said.

"Some accident', mos' likely," suggested Page.

"Dead, perhaps," I said with mournful accent.

"Dear me, how sad that would be!"

We listened with strained ears. Yes, it was clearly something about Admiral Dewey. Just then a newsboy came near enough to be hailed and Page was soon grasping a sheet which she threw open to the breeze. It was adorned with a frontispiece of the Admiral, and the picture was surrounded by a wreath which might have been a victor's wreath or a funeral wreath for all that I could distinguish.

My forebodings redoubled.

"Accident, Page?"

"He wants to be President of the United States!"

* * *

A Mushroom Mystery Explained

DR. THOMAS J. KEENAN, of the National Mycological Society, recently made a flying trip to Havana. While strolling in the suburbs of that city one day his eye fell upon a lot of mushrooms growing not far from the road, in the shadow of some trees. The instincts of the collector caused him to invade the field and pick some sample growths. To his surprise, they looked very much like specimens which grew in the neighborhood of New York City.

He fancied that he detected minute differences, however, and flattered himself that he had discovered a new species of the fungus. While gazing upon his new-found treasures he heard a slight sound, and looking up saw near him the proprietor of the place.

"These are interesting mushrooms," said the mycologist. "I never saw any like these before in Cuba, and I did not know that there were any here."

"No, there are none," answered the planter. "I imported these from New York to see if they would grow in this climate."

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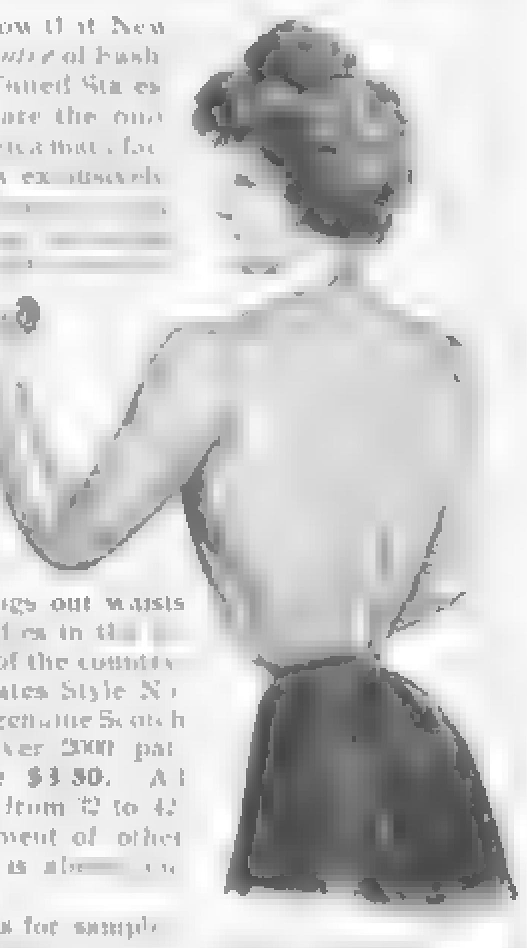

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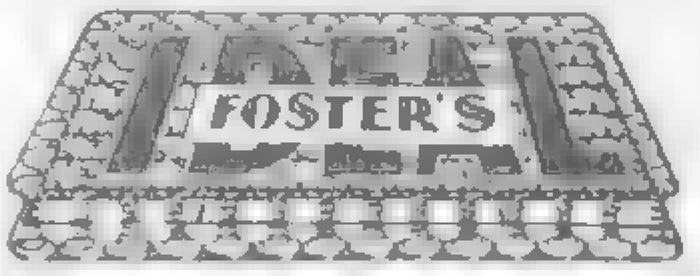

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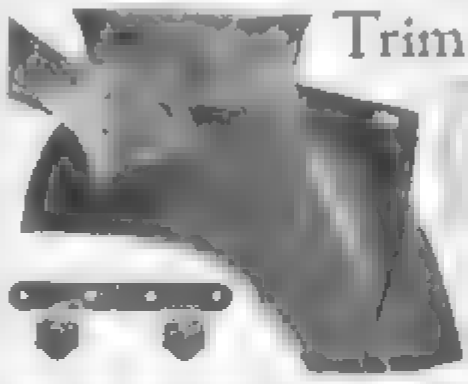

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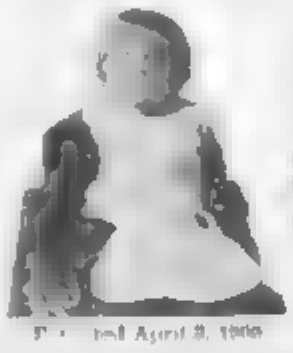

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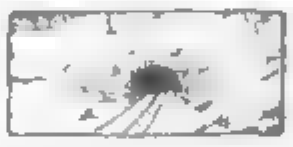
The Making of a Railroad Man From the Viewpoint of the Engineering Department



By Jno. F. Wallace

President American Society of Civil Engineers; President American Railway Engineering and Maintenance-of-Way Association; Assistant Second Vice-President Illinois Central Railway

IT IS my conviction that the engineering department is the branch of the railroad service which is to furnish in the future more men than any other for the higher executive positions. Many causes conspire to make this a logical, if not an inevitable, outcome. If a young man has in him the "making of a railroad man" he may, I believe, count with greater surety upon success in that field by going in through the engineering door than by entering from any other avenue. And why?

Because the first step across the threshold of this doorway imposes a higher educational test than is demanded of those who come into the service by any other way; because there is a marked tendency to enlarge the powers of those officials who hold the higher engineering positions; because there is a half way point in the course of promotion where the lines of the engineering and the operating branches of the service naturally meet and the young civil engineer who has strong executive capacity comes into a position where he is in the direct line of succession, leading to the highest executive offices in the gift of the railroad company.

The Qualities that Determine Final Success

Railroading is preëminently a field for the practical man. Here the man who has a genius for affairs succeeds by sheer force of this native endowment and in spite of educational deficiencies which would prove serious, if not fatal, handicaps in many other business undertakings. It is a consideration of which every loyal railroad man is justifiably proud, he likes his calling the better for the fact that it offers a fair field for ability in the rough, and does not shut out from its arena those who have failed to achieve a college degree. Let it be granted, then, and with all due emphasis, that the practical man is the one who will succeed in the railroad field, and that ability, level-headed business judgment and sound "horse sense" are the qualities which determine the success of the railroad man.

If he possesses these endowments he may start as a track hand, a telegraph operator, a brakeman or a shop hand and rise to the Presidency of the road—and all with a foundation of meagre dimensions, so far as academic education is concerned. He cannot, however, make a respectable beginning in the engineering line without a fair schooling and a good mathematical training. If the man who has succeeded without the self reliance, the independence which comes of scientific knowledge, could have added this artificial resource to his natural gifts, how much easier would have been his battle! With how much greater confidence could he have pushed ahead, and with what a saving of time and energy!

The successful man of affairs, we are repeatedly told, is he who knows how to get others to do things for him. True! but what a ready implement of service is a first hand knowledge of the scientific principles and technical rules of a calling! More valuable still is such a knowledge as a fortification against deception and mistake. It is a means of detecting errors and defects in the very premises upon which sound business judgment and shrewd foresight take action. To make the application more concrete, the Division Superintendent, the General Manager, the Vice President or the President, who has had the general and the technical education of a civil engineer, has a distinct and substantial advantage over the official of his rank who is untrained in the science of engineering. He is able more quickly to get at the bottom of problems which have to do with the very basis of railroading, construction and maintenance.

The Objective Point in the Eye of the Engineer

The building of a new railroad in this country to day generally means that the company behind it believes it can be so soundly and scientifically constructed that it will either divert traffic in profitable volume from the established channels, or that the judgment and skill displayed in selecting the route, in adjusting grades and in solving other problems of construction will result in an economy in operating expenses sufficient to give it a strong competitive advantage, yielding a profit where competing lines must haul at bare cost or at positive loss. Alterations and extensions of existing lines are intended to serve the same purpose. The objective point always in the eye of the engineer is to do his work in such a manner that the operating expenses will be reduced, that the hauling of freight and the running of passenger trains may be accomplished at a less cost than before. The margin of gain thus achieved may seem to be very small and quite inconsequential when compared with its original cost; but it must be remembered that it is a progressive economy, one which is perpetually in force.

As a result, the reduction of a grade costing high into the hundred thousands—thus accomplishing a daily saving in the reduced number of trains necessary to handle any given tonnage—may in a few years repay its entire cost and thereafter bring in a steady and cumulative profit.

This will serve to show how vitally interrelated are the engineering and the operative branches of railroading. It does not, however, adequately present the case, for the engineer, as he reaches an advanced position in the service, must have a scientific knowledge of the problems of railway operation. Without this he cannot hope for success. By virtue, therefore, of the fundamental necessities of his calling, he is compelled to have a broader outlook over the whole railroading field than is demanded of any other employee.

The scope of the engineering work in the railroad world of to day may be suggested by the statement that the annual expenditures of the 2200 railroads in America for "maintenance and structures" have been conservatively estimated at two hundred million dollars, while fully one hundred and eighty million dollars not charged to the maintenance account is paid out for improvements and extensions provided for by increased capitalization. This latter item is made up mainly of the cost of grade reductions and increased trackage on lines already in operation, together with extensions and improvements in terminal facilities. The latest official reports covering the roads of the United States place the number of employees in the engineering department at 288,000, and their compensation is estimated at one hundred million dollars a year.

The Kindergarten of Railroad Engineering

Nominally the two extremes of the railroad engineering profession may be said to be represented on one hand by the axman of the surveyor's gang and on the other by the Chief Engineer. To this classification there are, however, many exceptions and qualifications. The only doorway, for instance, into the engineering department of the Illinois Central Railroad is through the position of "track apprentice." Although the candidate for a place on the engineering corps may be a graduate of the best university in the land, and may have taken a post graduate course in a celebrated technical school, he must go out with the men of the section gang and take his turn at tramping ties, spiking rails and bolting fishplates.

This may be termed the kindergarten of active railroad engineering, and although the system is not in general use, it has, in the instance to which I refer, demonstrated its soundness and practicability. Of the one hundred and twenty young men who have applied for the position of track apprentice in the service of this road and have been accepted during the past three years, only thirteen "flunked" when first they faced the stern and humble nature of their initial work. Thirty-nine stuck by through thick and thin and have been promoted to fairly profitable positions on the regular engineering corps. An analysis of the definite results attained by the successful thirty-nine is of practical value and interest. Two have become assistant engineers at a salary of $100 a month; one draws $83.33 a month as office engineer; eight are paid $75 a month as transit men; ten are rodmen at $60 a month; thirteen are chainmen at $50 a month, and one has reached the dignified position of foreman in the road department.

Still more interesting, as indicating the maintenance of a high educational standard among beginners in this field, is an analysis of this group from the viewpoint of their academic training. Of the young men now in the engineering service of the Illinois Central Railroad who have entered by this doorway, thirty-six have received from universities, colleges or technical schools of substantial standing the full degree of civil engineer; twenty-seven have devoted from one to three and a half years to the study of engineering; twenty three did not go beyond the high school or the manual training school, and the remainder laid the basis of their education in the common schools, and "picked up" their technical training by hard knocks during active service. Those of the last-named class are ever ready to confess themselves at a disheartening disadvantage compared with the men who are soundly grounded in the technique of their profession.

Every year witnesses a material elevation of the educational average of this calling, and it seems merely a question of time when a civil engineer in the railroad service who has not had the advantage of a college education or of a thorough course in a technical school will be practically unknown.

Let me place especial emphasis upon one qualification which will accomplish wonders for the young engineer and win him promotion above men of more brilliant talents. This priceless quality is absolute and unswerving loyalty to his immediate superior. Like charity, this will cover a multitude of shortcomings and stand him in the severest emergencies.

Where Titles Mean Little

Regarding the higher positions in the railway engineering service, it should be said that the present official titles are often blind and misleading and lack the exactness and descriptive accuracy of those applied to positions in other departments. The title of Chief Engineer may mean much or little, and is applied almost indiscriminately to the man who is little more than a chief draughtsman and to the official who ranks close to the General Manager in authority, having practical control of the physical condition of the property, its construction, maintenance and improvement.

Recently it has become quite a common practice to bestow upon the actual chief of the engineering interests of the road one of the Vice Presidencies. Not infrequently, too, the powers of an official of this kind not only cover all problems of extension and maintenance, but also extend to those phases of the road's operation which are most vitally related thereto. Concerning the rewards of success in this field it is impossible to speak save in broad and general terms. It may be sufficient to say that the chief official of the engineering department of a road seldom receives less than $2500 a year, while few, if any, get more than $25,000. All depends upon the size of the road and the system upon which official responsibility is distributed. Certain it is, however, that the prizes which are to be had in this field compare favorably with those in other lines, and are sufficient to appeal with energizing force to any young man whose inclinations lead him into the engineering profession.

The Test of Qualifications

A taste for mathematics is too often mistaken for a genius for civil engineering. The former may imply simply a talent for abstract calculation and may be unaccompanied by the slightest gift for the practical application of mathematical principles. Civil engineering, however, demands in its every step the exercise of a sound and level headed judgment of affairs. More than this, no considerable progress can be made in the higher walks of this profession without that capacity to manage men which is generally termed executive ability.

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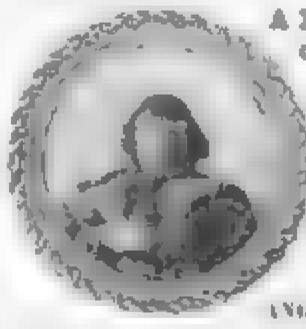

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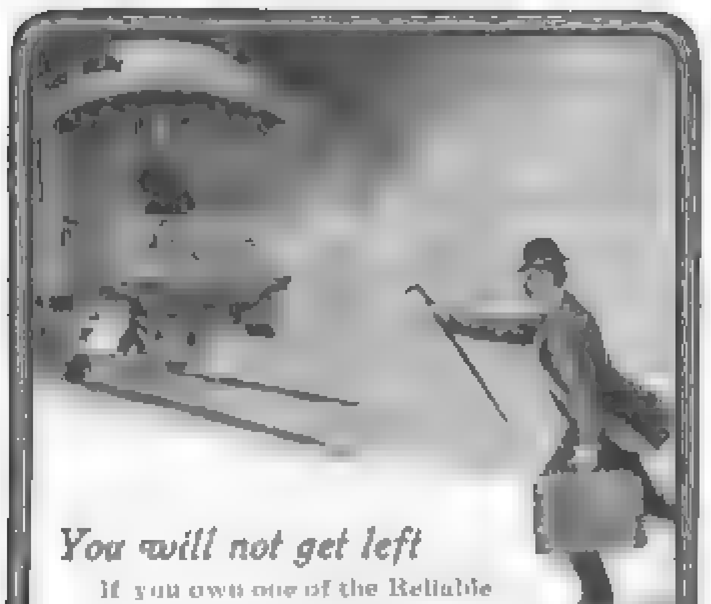
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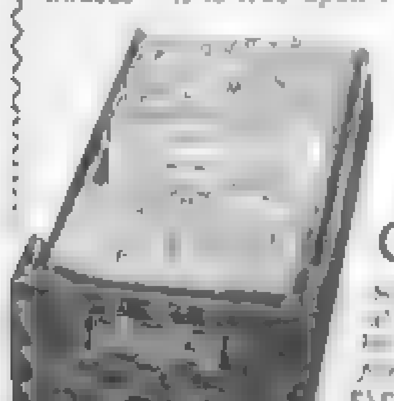
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Often I am asked by fathers of boys who are about to choose a profession or shape their education to that end

"How may I determine if my boy is right in thinking he is cut out for a civil engineer?"

My answer has invariably been

"If he shows sound judgment in his estimation of physical phenomena; if he has a quick eye for proportion and perspective, especially as relating to things 'in the large'; if he is inclined to see things constructively; if he uses his mathematics as tools instead of playthings and applies his calculations along utilitarian rather than philosophic or purely theoretical lines; if he has an imagination which gives him visions of structures and buildings; and if he would rather endure all manner of physical hardships and perils than to give up the prospect of becoming an engineer — then it is safe to let him follow this bent, for it will doubtless be impossible to prevent him from so doing."

Any less radical predisposition to this kind of a career is scarcely to be accepted as proof of special fitness for it. To a preeminent degree civil engineering, particularly as applied to railroad work, is a profession which demands the most absolute and wholehearted devotion. This loyalty will be constantly put to the test, particularly in the earlier years of active work. The young engineer may be sure of sufficient hardships to try his grit and his devotion. If he does not have an absorbing love for his work and care more for it than for physical comfort and the joys of home and the pleasures of life in a refined and established community, he has decidedly missed his calling, and may be put down as among the most wretched of men

Provided he has in him the real stuff of which the true engineer is made he will scorn to get through the years of his apprenticeship without feeling the pangs of prolonged hunger, being drenched to the skin, bitten by frost, buffeted by storms, scorched by torrid heats, lowered from rocky shelves over yawning precipices — and all with the unfaltering feeling that he would not exchange such trials for the ease and the comforts of the most sheltered business or professional life in the heart of civilization.

One's own experience is the best field from which to illustrate a point, and this suggestion of some of the hardships which are typical of a young engineer's life brings up the memory of a certain episode in which my devotion to the career of my choice was put to the test. Perhaps the most disheartening of all was that which came to me at the very outset, when fresh from college and rejoicing in the confidence which is the lot of all who leave their Alma Mater with a reasonable share of honors and an unbounded determination to conquer the world.

A Tenacity that Won Promotion

By rare good fortune I managed to secure the position of rodman with the surveying gang of the Carthage & Quincy Railroad. Before many days in the field our levelman looked up from his instrument and motioned me to come where he was standing. As I approached it was clear from his appearance that something was wrong

"Here, give me that rod!" he exclaimed I handed it over to him. "Now report to the chief of the party and tell him to send me a rodman, and perhaps he can give you work as an axman to cut brush"

Although I submitted with apparent meekness to this reduction in rank I was determined to stick it out and show that I had in me the making of an engineer. A little later my superior flunked squarely, and declared he could not stand the rough life That was my opportunity and I made the most of it, being put in charge of the squad

It is an undeniable fact that many are attracted to engineering by reason of the freedom, the picturesqueness and the adventure which it offers. This charm, however, is generally more to be appreciated in prospect or in retrospect than at the moment. While the sensation of being lowered by rope from a cliff or shelving rock soon becomes commonplace enough it is highly exciting at the outset. One experience, while running a line in the West, is very vivid in my recollection and may well serve to illustrate what the average young engineer in the same line of work may expect to encounter, for it is typical of railroad surveying.

A Lively Adventure with Falling Rock

One day I found it necessary to cross section a portion of our line along a mountain side By taking desperate chances I contrived, at last, to get down to a narrow shelf where I could plant my instrument and take my measurements. In fact, I was obliged to cut a notch into the slanting side of the mountain in order to place the level properly and to secure a safe foothold Almost at the top of the slope, fully a thousand feet above me, was the trail. I had begun to sight through my instrument when hearing a slight sound, I glanced up. There, coming directly toward me, with increasing velocity, was a rock which had been accidentally loosened by the men on the upper trail It seemed to have been aimed at my instrument. Instantly I dropped upon all fours and did the liveliest creeping along that ledge that I had done since infancy. No sooner was I out of the way than the rock whizzed past me, just missing the instrument. It was as large as a washtub and would have swept me into eternity in a second had I not escaped its path

Another kind of experience which has brought terror to scores of railway engineers engaged in reconnaissance, survey and construction work in the West is that of being overtaken by a severe storm. An episode of this nature was one of the severest adventures through which I was called to pass.

A Catastrophe Calling for Quick Work

Not infrequently it happens that very exciting work comes to the engineer who has served his time in the field and has been promoted to a position of large executive ability. This is in instances where the roadway has suffered some catastrophe and the damage must be repaired at once, at least to the extent of admitting the immediate resumption of traffic. Generally this emergency work demands originality and resourcefulness as well as great rapidity. There is no time to go deep into theory and professional traditions. Traffic is at a standstill and must be resumed at any cost.

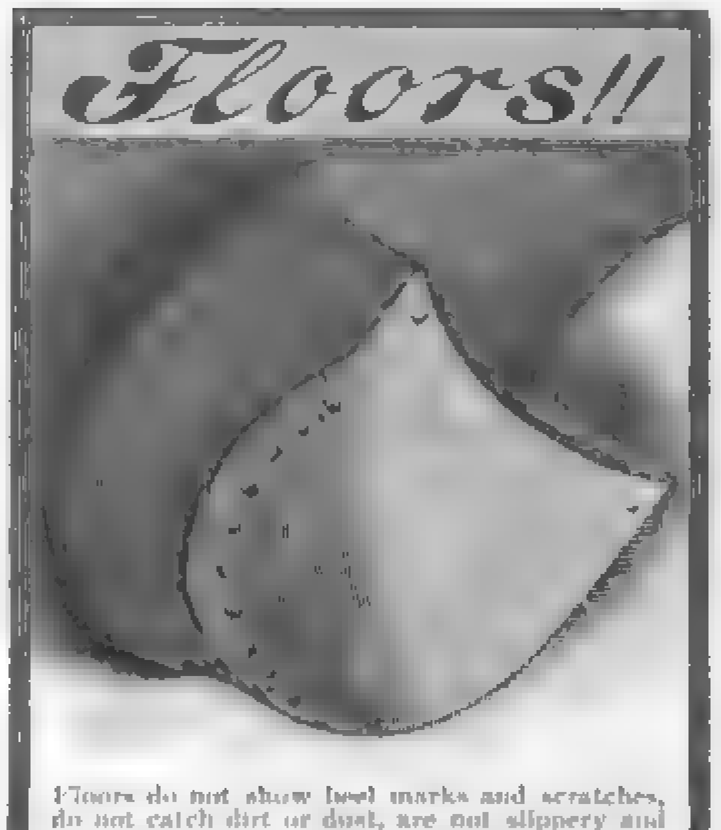
When holding the position of Chief Engineer and Superintendent of a certain road I received notice that a bridge at a certain point had burned and was a complete wreck. Its spans were 150 feet long each — 300 feet in all — and crossed the stream 165 feet above the water.

I was about eight hundred miles away from the bridge when the news of its destruction reached me on Friday noon There was no force within one hundred miles except a small gang of bridge repair men, and no materials within two hundred and fifty miles The task which confronted me was to cover the eight hundred miles that separated me from the bridge as soon as possible and while en route to arrange by wire for the accumulation of men and material at the bridge site. To know just what was needed in the way of men and material, the nearest point at which they could be secured and the quickest way by which they could be hurried forward was the problem of the moment — the same kind of a problem which hundreds of railroad engineers have faced and solved under the strongest pressure and difficulties. Saturday noon I was on the ground in person. By midnight Sunday night traffic was resumed

This instance is cited only to give the layman an idea of the emergency problems which are suddenly thrust upon the unhappy Chief Engineer, and the swiftness with which they must be disposed of for the sake of opening the traffic blockade. The next emergency call may be caused by an overflow, a washout, a landslide, a tornado or a forest fire. While the division officers are generally the first to respond to a demand of this kind, the wide-awake chief will not stand long upon his dignity if the catastrophe is really a serious one, and, unless better able to command the situation from his office, he will appear at the scene of the disaster to give his subordinates the benefit of his judgment and counsel

Reference has been made to the fact that there is a natural point of meeting between the engineering and operative branches of a road. This point is generally represented by the position of Division Superintendent. If the young engineer who steps into this place, and gets a taste of operative administration, sees a better prospect in that than in his previous field he is able to take advantage of the opportunity, with the knowledge that he is far better equipped for his new line of activity than he could have been without his special technical training, and may rise to the highest office.

Editor's Note — This is the fifth of a series of papers begun in The Saturday Evening Post of January 5. The series will be continued in subsequent issues.



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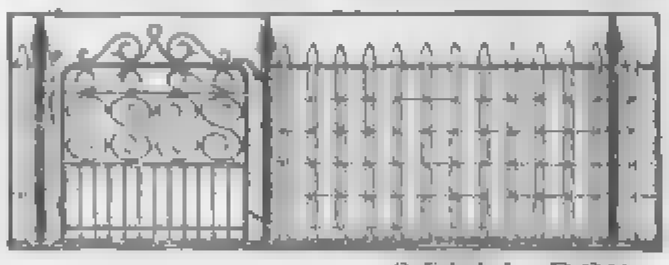
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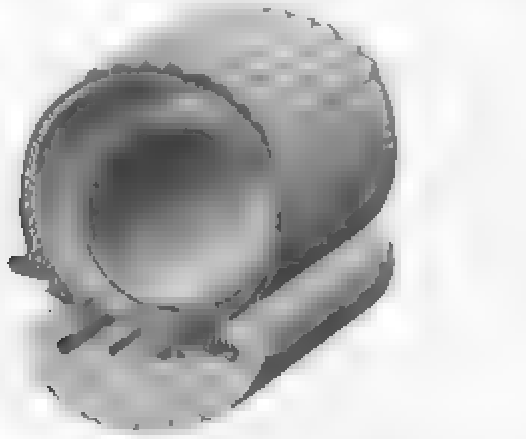

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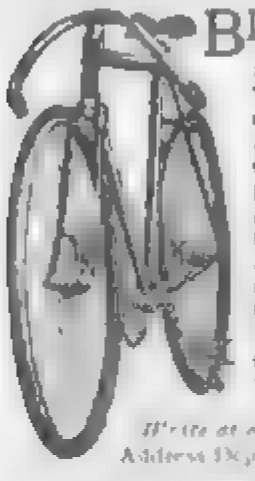

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The Outlook *for* American Golf

By Findlay S. Douglas

THE oftener I write upon the subject of golf the more I am impressed with this truth: that it is not easy to teach the game to "duffers," or to those who do not play at all, by anything which can be put into print, however simple and lucid. Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson and Mr. H. J. Whigham, in their well known treatises on the royal and ancient game, have both essayed to do this, with what success only those who owe their proficiency to the hints given in these volumes can say. This avowal, then, relieves me from having to tell a beginner when he will want his driver, or mashie, or other club, and of course also obviates the necessity of my informing him how to use either of these particular clubs.

The Worth of the Text-Book Game As a matter of fact, golf cannot be learned from books. At the most, all that written instructions can teach a player is what he is *not* to do. What he *should* do he will discover when he makes the round of the course, and, if he has with him a professional of some intelligence, he will find out more about the game whilst playing eighteen holes than in cogitating over and studying the best treatise ever written. Though this contention should be apparent, yet there are numbers of people who are oblivious to it, feeling convinced, in this age of text-books, that everything may be learnt from them.

One instance will explain what I mean. A select few meet and decide to form a golf club; this having been done, they proceed to select the ground on which to have their course, and then arises the question of the manner in which the holes are to be laid out. Not one of the number has the faintest notion, but a happy idea occurs to one of the neophytes. "Let us write to A" (the editor of a golf paper) "or B" (the manager of a sporting goods house). "He'll tell us." It need hardly be said that both A and B declare their inability to lay out nine holes on land they have never seen, and then it is discovered for the first time that there is a limit to the instruction that writing can convey.

It will be gathered from the foregoing that I shall treat of golf and golfers in a very general way and that, above all, I shall not dogmatize. A golfer, whoever he may be, "falls down" too often to make such a mistake, for, Vardon perhaps excepted, he is not the machine that golf journalists apparently expect him to be, and cannot be found always playing at the top of his game.

The Wonderful Growth of Golf The game has extended sufficiently in this country now for anybody to know that I am only stating what is a matter of general knowledge. And talking about this extension, is there in the history of sport any fact more wonderful? As a Scot, the only thing which appears to me more marvellous is that such a grand game as golf should have been played in Scotland four hundred years before people outside of the "Land o' Burns" began to comprehend its merits. But when they did, lost time was made up for with a vengeance, both in England and America, for, strange to say, even in the former country golf was by no means popular until eight or ten years ago. It was introduced into America shortly after, and now, according to one of the first authorities in the country, there are not less than 1500 properly organized clubs, the members of which devote their attention entirely to the game.

The increase is still going on, so I am told by one whose business it is to collect returns from the various clubs. He gave me figures showing that in such States as New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut, to name no others, an increase of fully thirty per cent. has taken place, and there are many States, last year without any clubs at all, that will be well to the fore in the coming season.

A Game Suited to All Ages I do not think I can be accused of being unduly prejudiced in favor of golf, seeing the vast numbers who are playing it, when I say it is the greatest game ever invented. It is the nearest approach to a universal game, or game for all, of any game I know. We soon get too old for baseball or cricket; rowing is only for the non-business man, and football the same; and tennis requires the activity and endurance that only youth can give. How different it is with golf. The career of Mr. John Ball, Jr., the present British amateur champion, will well illustrate what I mean.

About twenty years ago, when a mere boy, he was sixth in the open championship contest, and in 1890 earned the proud distinction — being the first amateur to wrest the title from the professionals. In 1888 he won his first amateur championship and has since held it four times, including last year. Again, Mr. A. W. Smith, the Toronto player, is no longer a young man, and yet he represented Canada, playing first man on the team, in the last international match at Morris County. Whoever heard of a man over forty — Mr. W. G. Grace, the famous English cricketer, excepted — who could in any game vanquish all comers when he had entered the fifth decade of life?

It is clear that excellence in the game is open to young and old alike. This is one strong factor in driving me to the conclusion that golf is not a mere fad, taken up for social reasons, to be relegated shortly to the comparative obscurity which has come upon lawn tennis, but that it is here to stay. It is, besides, a game that appeals very strongly to all true sportsmen on account of the purely amateur spirit which, to a large extent, prevails amongst golfers.

Even amongst professional golfers the stakes played for in matches are quite insignificant compared to the large amounts to be won in most other classes of professional sport. Harry Vardon, the English open champion, met Willie Park, the great Scotch player, last summer, on the well-known links at North Berwick and Ganton, in what was without doubt the most famous match of recent years; and though the spectators were present in thousands, the stakes contended for by these remarkable exponents of the game only amounted to one thousand dollars. There are "pot-hunters" in golf as in other games, but after all, the "pots" are really too small in value to foster, to any great extent, the growth of a mercenary spirit. Fame and the love of winning are the two things, each perfectly legitimate, which animate the players. Sordid interests have little weight, and so long as this is so the game will flourish.

$20,000,000 Worth of Golf Every Year A glance at the financial aspect of the game is calculated to strengthen one's belief in its permanency. A very competent authority says that there are in the neighborhood of 250,000 golf players in the United States and that they spend over $20,000,000 annually in pursuit of their sport. The value of land and club-houses is simply enormous and employment is provided for nearly 35,000 men and boys. To give some idea of the takings, the Chicago Golf Club last year earned $38,577, and the caddies carried off $3,319 — a nice round sum to go into the pockets of these "*enfants terribles!*"

The demoralizing effect of golf on a caddie only exists in the imagination of certain reverend gentlemen, as does the lurid language ascribed to golfers. The majority of players are too much accustomed to "rubs on the green" to give vent to their feelings in an offensive manner, though they may indulge in what has been aptly termed "silent profanity" — but then, that hurts no one. The profession of caddie is a good and beneficial career for a boy, and in after years when a man achieves eminence in any calling it is likely we shall read, "he began life as a caddie," instead of as now, "his beginning was to shout 'extras' and black boots in the streets."

It is perhaps rather daring to differ with such a man as Sir Charles Dilke, but I am bound to dissent from the views expressed by him in a recent magazine article. Sir Charles says: "Its (golf's) enormous advantage appears to me to be that it is a sport in which it is possible to handicap fairly all except the very worst class of players." Clearly the English statesman has never heard of a "kicker's" handicap when he wrote this criticism or he would have modified his opinions. Sir Charles is too optimistic! There is no sport under heaven in which it is possible to please everybody.

However, I am ready to admit that there is some force in Sir Charles Dilke's remarks, for it is possible for a player, however bad, to take part in a handicap with the best talent and thoroughly enjoy the game. In most other sports a bad player is completely out of it.

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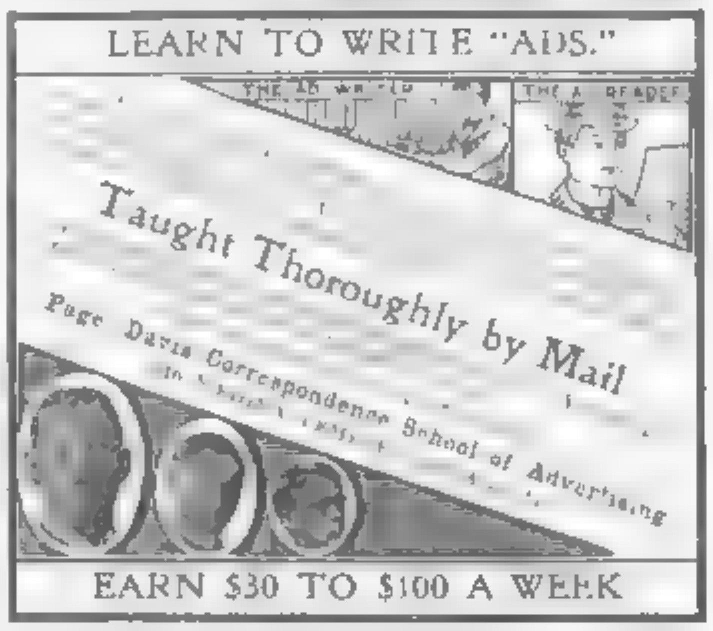

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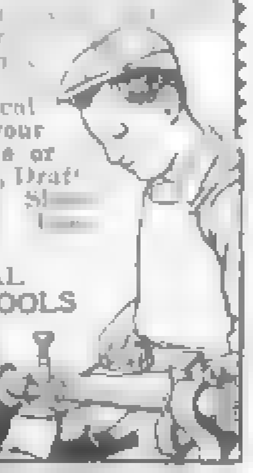

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Proficiency Within Easy Reach of All Another encouraging fact in connection with golf is that it is not necessary to begin the game as a boy in order to arrive at excellence. Some would be inclined to dispute this statement, alleging that, like a poet, a golfer is born, not made. It is not necessary to indulge in lengthened argument to prove my case. Numberless instances occur to me of players in the first rank who learned to handle their clubs comparatively late in life. I have only to mention Mr. Herbert M. Harriman, the present amateur champion, and Mr. Walter J. Travis, two of the finest players in America, to satisfy all aspirants to fame that proficiency is within the reach of every one. No doubt it is difficult when we are out of our teens to take up a new game and master it, but it is a long way from being impossible so far as golf is concerned. The relative merits of the players in Great Britain and America is always a fruitful subject for discussion, and, though I am acquainted with the play of most of the prominent golfers in the two countries, I am not sure that it is possible for me to contribute much that will tend to settle this vexed question. So much has to be taken into consideration.

How can we compare the 310 with which Vardon won the British open championship at Sandwich last year with the 315 strokes that gave victory to Willie Smith at Baltimore in the American open championship? It is absolutely necessary first to know the two courses thoroughly to be able to make allowances for the various difficulties and distances to be encountered. One requires to know very little of golf to realize that 80 for 18 holes on one course may be no worse than 75 on another.

Atmospheric conditions have no small part in increasing or lessening the score. To show that mere figures prove nothing, it is only necessary to point to the fact that H. H. Hilton, the English amateur, won the open championship at Muirfield in 1892 with 305, whilst Harry Vardon, on the same course in 1896, required 316; yet who will say Mr. Hilton is the better player? Laurence Auchterlome, lately professional to the Glen View Golf and Polo Club, of Chicago, has still further complicated matters by asserting that he could drive a ball much farther there than when at home in Scotland, attributing this to the dryness of the air. It is not for me to discuss this theory; let scientists settle it; and as to Vardon and Smith and other leading professionals, no doubt they will meet on good Eastern courses this spring — for matches in Florida tell us nothing — and we shall get results through actual play, which is an infinitely better thing than theorizing.

An International Golf Standard Speaking generally about amateurs, I would say that the contests for the open championship in the two countries go to prove that we are not so good as our British brethren. Over there an amateur has been successful in winning the open championship several times, whilst here no amateur has come near doing so. At the same time it is but fair to add that in this country, in the open championship, the entry list of amateurs in point of numbers has been far from representative. In last year's competition there were not more than three first-class amateurs.

But how the standard of golf in America is improving! We have only to look at the great events of last season to realize this. And why should it not be so? Year by year the courses are improved and numbers of young Americans are learning the game under the competent tuition of first-class Scotch and English professionals, thorough masters of their business. To show what the younger element can do, let us look at the Inter-Collegiate Championship meeting, which took place at the Garden City Club last October. There we find that J. G. Averill, of Harvard, did the 18 holes in 79, and several others in 80, which is par play.

The Folly of Extravagant Club Houses I said the courses here are better than they used to be, and I cannot speak too strongly of the impolicy of starving the links for the purpose of beautifying and enlarging the club house. Good golf can be played without any club house, but not without a fine course. Some of the courses in Great Britain, famous the world over amongst golfers, have very modest club houses, and golf will be indulged in as a social pastime, not as a game, if golfers attach more importance to the club house than to the ground, without which the sport could not be enjoyed at all.

The coming season promises to be the most active yet in this great and growing game, and, unless all signs are wrong, everything indicates that this year will be the most successful in the annals of the sport in America, bidding fair to justify the assertion of an enthusiast: that society can be divided into two classes — those who golf and those who don't!

Spring Fever

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

GRASS commence a-comin'
Thoo de thawin' groun',
Ever' bird dat whistles
Keepin' noise eround;
Cain't sleep in de mo'nin',
'Case befo' its light
Bluebird an' de robin
Done begun to fight.

Bluebird sass de robin,
Robin sass him back,
Den de bluebird scol' him
'Twell his face is black.
Wouldn' min' dey quoilin'
All de mo'nin' long,
'Cept it wakes me early,
'Case hits done in song.

Anybody wo'kin'
Wants to sleep ez late
Ez de folks 'll 'low him,
An' I wish to state
(Co'se dis ain't to scattah,
But 'twix' me an' you),
I could stan' de bedclothes,
Kin' o' latah, too.

'Tain't my natchul feelin',
Dis hyeah mopin' spell.
I stan's early risin'
Mos'ly moughty well;
But de ve'y minute,
I feel Ap'il's heat,
Bless yo' soul, de bedclothes
Nevah seemed so sweet.

Mastah, he's a scol'in',
'Case de han's is slow,
All de hosses balkin',
Jes' cain't mek 'em go.
Don' know what's de mattah,
Hit's a funny thing,
Lessin hit's de fevah
Dat you gits in spring.

* * *

A Borrowed Nimbus

RALPH CAINE, younger brother of Hall Caine, is the editor and owner of several exceedingly prosperous magazines in London. His colaborer is Robert Leighton, the author of boys' books, and the pair make one of the most extraordinary sights in literary London. Both men are slender and have long, red hair. Mr. Caine's hair is so long that when he runs his fingers through it, as he frequently does, he has to extend his arm almost to its full length. They sit opposite each other at the same desk in their editorial office, and there they were met, not long ago, by an American syndicate manager. The visitor had called to see Mr. Caine about some manuscript said to be in the hands of his brother.

"If he has any unpublished stories I want them," said the manager. "I will pay his own price. I don't care what it is."

"There you are," replied Mr. Caine musingly, "there you are. When a man's famous the publishers give him what he asks no matter how poor the stuff."

"I'll give you fifty guineas for a story," said the manager with typical American shrewdness.

Mr. Caine fell back in his chair, as also did Mr. Leighton, and, for a moment, there was silence. Then Mr. Caine came to and shook his pictorial head.

"I don't want to spoil your compliment," he said, "but I am afraid," he added with humorous doubt, "that there must be a commercial rather than a literary side to your offer. If I were not Hall Caine's brother I doubt if you would want my story. I'm sorry, but I shall have to decline the first big offer of my life."

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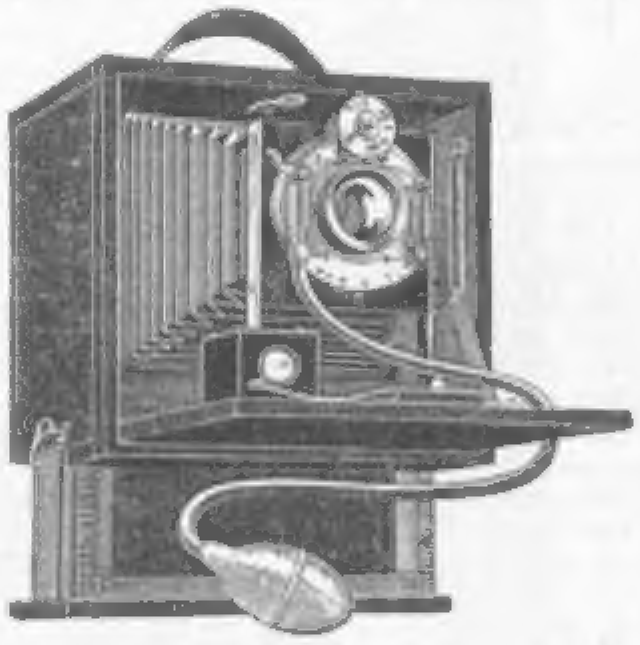

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

The Heroes' Sewing Circle[*]

For a sudden and spontaneous exchange of heart secrets the men in Anthony Hope's latest story put to blush the easy confidence of the traditional sewing circle. If Captain Dieppe is a true stroke of character-drawing, all reproach to feminine nature on the score of inability to retain secrets must be put by, for the cheerful eagerness with which the men in this merry and whimsical tale unbosom themselves to each other on short acquaintance is enough to convict the typical feminine gossip of sphinxlike reticence and incredulity. But this tendency only adds to the speed with which the ingenious plot of this dramatic sketch gallops forward to its surprising dénouement. Life must have been an amazingly busy game to these men if the remainder of their lives were as full of events as the period of the few short days covered by the story. The rapidity with which things happen in this narrative keeps the reader's eye fixed upon the page until the volume is finished.

Underneath this swiftly moving stream of dramatic episodes is a current of drollery, as if the master of the show were winking at his audience and saying: "Did ever you see the puppets put through their tricks at a livelier pace than this?"

But this does not detract from the interest of the tale, which has intrigues, secret love-makings, fights, floods and rescues enough to mark it for the work of its author. He is a rarely discriminating reader who is able to see the end of this story from its beginning. Not until the last chapter is reached is the outcome apparent to the average reader. The doughty Captain Dieppe, the political fugitive and bearer of state secrets, falls in love with the wife of the Count into whose hospitality he has stumbled in his flight. The Count and Countess are living in a state of armed neutrality and complete separation in the same establishment. How the Captain vanquishes the government spy who is on his trail, frees the Countess from the clutches of a mysterious pursuer, reunites her with her husband and still contrives to marry his "own true love" is too good a development to be spoiled for the reader by any less adequate an explanation than that given by the author.

Discerning writers may take a helpful hint from the way in which the author manages to give the spice of dialogue where the Countess is enjoying the seclusion of solitary exile. There is a frank artificiality not altogether agreeable in making a character think aloud in order to inform the reader of the movement of events. On the other hand, what is more natural to a charming woman, thus environed, than to hold spirited conversations with her mirror? And this is precisely what the Countess does. Although this story will not add materially to the author's reputation, it is pleasant reading, good for an hour's lively entertainment.

Exotics of the East[†]

Iroka is a bouquet of exquisite fancies exhaling a sad, funereal fragrance—rare orchids of imagination, heavy-scented with tragedy and gloom!

This unfortunate effect is all the more conspicuous by reason of the fact that throughout these pages are plentiful evidences that the author knows how to use the gladdest colors with consummate skill. In proof, take this first paragraph of the opening tale:

"Really it was a bit of gauze torn off from the skirt of that vain coquette called Spring, in her all-too-hasty and careless way of passing over this earth, and which was caught by the bare branches of trees which had stood lonely, looking very black and ugly upon the snow, all winter long. There were some, not many, who said that it was a cloud made up of *tenjo's* faces blushing over their first experience in love. An error. But, of course, we can see how they made a mistake like this, seeing that they were poets. And as for those people who insisted that it was nothing but cherry blossoms on the banks of Sumida, they knew no more about what they were talking than a mathematician knows of love.

"But, not to be too dogmatic in this age of assertions, we will be generous enough to make a compromise and say that under the cherry cloud of Sumida there stood a tea-house."

The clever conceits of fancy which grace the pages of these tales may be suggested by this dainty picture:

"She was not a daisy with the conceit of a magnolia, but a daisy who, for some reason or other of which she herself was not aware, laughed at a magnolia."

Or perhaps this is still better:

"A cup of tea of that classic warmth of color and of the traditional flavor, with a cherry petal boating upon it, is always good. Far better, however, it is when it's served as the mirror of a charming smile on a pretty face which bends over it."

Not even in the rich Oriental imagery of Lafcadio Hearn is there to be found anything which presents more vividly the subtle qualities of the Japanese landscape. Here is a touch which Mr. Hearn might well covet:

"One who is thinking seriously of departing to eternity ought, by way of preparation, to spend a few spring seasons at Kioto. No, time does not seem to exist there, and indeed, one who wants to be intoxicated by the *saké* of vernal sunbeams has no time to spend in thinking of any such thing as time."

In depicting a temple, overhanging a chasm, from which the hero leaps to his death, the author gives this dainty water color:

"And if you were there with me on that evening, watching the twilight come home flying on her purple wings to perch upon the cherry trees, and could hear the far-away melody of the unseen belfries as it tumbled into the valley over the heads of pines, as if it were the lullaby to put the twilight to sleep, then you would not hesitate to agree with me. Upon my word, it deserves an ode, a hymn. But in that divinely enticing languor, such a task as composition is hardly thought of—at least by such an idle hand as mine, and I sighed my compliments and appreciation of that lyric of a view."

Many of the tales have to do with the ambitions and despairs of Japanese artists, of the type whose sensitive nature was galled by "traffic in the first fruits of the garden of art dreams." Other sketches play upon caste distinctions, and bristle with suits of armor wherein some bloodthirsty ancestor "persuaded history to print his name."

Despite the quaint beauty of its imagery, the brilliancy of its coloring, the subtlety of its analysis, the strength of its grasp on character and life and the tenderness of its sympathy, few readers will put aside this volume without a sigh of regret that the author should feel compelled to close nearly every incident with the flourish of a shroud.

—*Forrest Crissey.*

* * *

Glimpses of New Books

In these days when the eyes of the world are cast skyward at the impending mass of war clouds, international law must be a subject of peculiar interest. Mr. George P. Davis has just completely revised and enlarged his earlier edition of the Elements of International Law. *Harper & Brothers.*

Spellbound by the compelling personality of the elder Dumas, fiction seems, hitherto, never to have thought of siding with the great Cardinal, but always with the King's Musketeers. Miss M. Imlay Taylor at last comes out frankly for The Cardinal's Musketeers. Her hero Perron is one of Richelieu's beneficiaries. Throughout the stormy days of a most unsettled period he truly serves his master, and in the end wins title, estates and lady-love at his hands. *A. C. McClurg Company.*

The entrance of the American Republic into the snarl of international cross-purposes has been the signal for much criticism both at home and abroad, adverse and favorable, of our fitness for diplomacy. A New Race Diplomat, by Jennie Bullard Waterbury, sets forth the proud American idea of a people to whom "obstacles serve but to point the way to progress." Interwoven with the intricacies of the diplomatic situation are the loves and misunderstandings, ended in better mutual appreciation, of Stephen Markoe and his wife. The book has both feeling and thought, and is significant, in more ways than one, of the American spirit. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

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[*] Captain Dieppe. By Anthony Hope. *Doubleday & McClure Company.*

[†] Iroka: Tales of Japan. By Adachi Kinnosuké. *Doubleday & McClure Company.*

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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

Mr. E. W. Hornung, the writer of Australian stories and the author of A Gentleman Cracksman, began his literary work while he was a boy. He was brought up in a Midland village in England, where he and his brother, a lad of nearly his own age, went to school. It was while he was in school that his first story was published. A local newspaper printed it. A few days after it appeared the young author was walking down the village square when he heard his name called. The town loafer, a hopeless drunkard, had hailed him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but that was a mighty fine story that was in the paper this week. Did you or your brother write it?"

"I wrote it," replied the author modestly.

"Oh! but it was the very best story I ever read in all me life, and I'm fair farce for a drink, sir."

He got the drink.

An American friend spent a day with Mr. Hornung in London last March. As they were walking down the Strand in the evening the American saw one of those new-fashioned electric lamps — portable things shaped like a policeman's club, made of glass with an electric bull's eye in the end that glows and disappears at the pressure of a finger.

"Come in and look at one of these new dark lanterns," he said. "You might send one to your brother-in-law, Doctor Doyle, to use down in South Africa. He could find a plot with it the darkest kind of a night."

"I'll do it," said Mr. Hornung, "and I'll do more. If I write any more cracksman stories I've got to bring Raffles up to date. He must discard his dark lanterns and use one of these. It's just the thing."

Mr. Wells' New Wonder House

H. G. Wells, the writer of wonder-tales, is building a house for himself in Sandgate. He had an architect in the first place, but now the author himself is looking after that part of the business. Mr. Wells planned to erect a new Cartnay house along the advanced lines pursued in his stories. The architect drew on his imagination for the plans as far as he could, then Mr. Wells took a hand. He altered this and changed that detail. He added to and subtracted from. The roof was a dream, the front a vision and the interior a maze. At last when he ordered bay windows put in the cellar, the architect withdrew in despair. The structure is still going up, however, architect or no architect, and when it is completed it will be comfortable and habitable. And that is all that even a wonder-story writer needs in a house.

Anthony Hope's Dramatic Luncheon

A story about Anthony Hope, George Alexander, the theatrical manager, and Mrs. Alexander is current in London and will bear repeating over here. Not long ago Mr. Alexander, desiring to bring out in his London theatre a dramatization of Anthony Hope's Rupert of Hentzau, arranged with the author, whose whole name is Anthony Hope Hawkins, to dramatize the book. It was agreed that the novelist should have a capable assistant and the work was soon under way.

About this time Mr. Alexander invited the author and his assistant to his house to luncheon. Naturally the forthcoming play was the chief topic of conversation. Mrs. Alexander, to whom the novelist was presented as Mr. Hawkins, took a lively interest in the project and did most of the talking.

The hostess, however, did not connect Mr. Hawkins with Anthony Hope and mistook her guests for two hired playwrights. She devoted most of her attention to the assistant, and sought his opinion on various topics in a solicitous manner that made him blush to his eyebrows and nearly choked Mr. Hope and the manager with laughter.

"Mr. Alexander and I," she said pleasantly, "have great hopes of this new play. I do trust that it will be better than the book. I think the novel was a distinct disappointment to most of Mr. Hope's admirers; don't you think so, Mr. Hawkins?"

There was an instant's awkward pause that made the assistant's heartbeats audible, then the novelist smiled and replied:

"Indeed I do, Mrs. Alexander. I hope for a successful play even from so poor material as we have to work with. We shall do the best we can with it."

"I'm sure of that," returned the hostess graciously, and then Mr. Alexander switched the conversation on to the Boer War.

An Easy Style to Catch

A good story is told of how a few years ago a reckless, careless, but brilliant Scotch journalist got a position on the London Daily Telegraph. For some escapade in Edinburgh he had lost his place on a paper there. He announced to his friends that he was going to London to seek his fortune. They celebrated his departure for several nights running, so when the young man turned up in London one morning he felt rather limp and discouraged. He had scarcely a penny in his pocket, so, although he felt himself not at his best mentally, he went off at once to Fleet Street and asked the editor of the Telegraph for work. "What can you do?" asked the editor. And the applicant, feeling he must make a tremendous bid, replied, "Anything."

"Anything?"

"Yes. Anything."

"Very well, I think probably you're the man we want. I will leave you quite alone for a half hour; then I will come back and you must have an article ready."

"On what?" asked the Scotchman.

"On 'anything,'" answered the editor.

For five minutes the young man sat despairing. He didn't seem to have even the ghost of an idea in his head. Finally an impudent inspiration came. Around the room were files of the Telegraph. He pulled one out, about eight years old, and hurriedly turning the leaves came to an article by George Augustus Sala on London Streets. Seizing copy paper and a pen he raced the clock and jammed the file back into its place only a minute before the grave editor returned. This gentleman looked over the article which the Edinburgh man had "just dashed off" and said: "I think I can find a place for you, sir. You seem to catch our style."

Mr. Justin McCarthy's Four Guardians

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., is at the present time entirely devoted to historical work. He is finishing his History of the Four Georges, rounding off the work with several chapters devoted to William the Fourth. This joins the History of the Georges to the History of Our Own Times, and the completed work presents a record of England since the accession of the house of Hanover. Mr. McCarthy's next book will be a history of the reign of Queen Anne.

Mr. Justin McCarthy lives with his daughter at Westgate-on-Sea, a quiet, charming, little seaside town, in a house remarkable for the number and nomenclature of its black cats. Mr. McCarthy is extremely fond of his four cats and is always delighted to introduce visitors to Bulwheedle, Zernabork, Innisboffin and Roxana. And the big black cats with the strange green eyes smile on the visitor with sinister humor.

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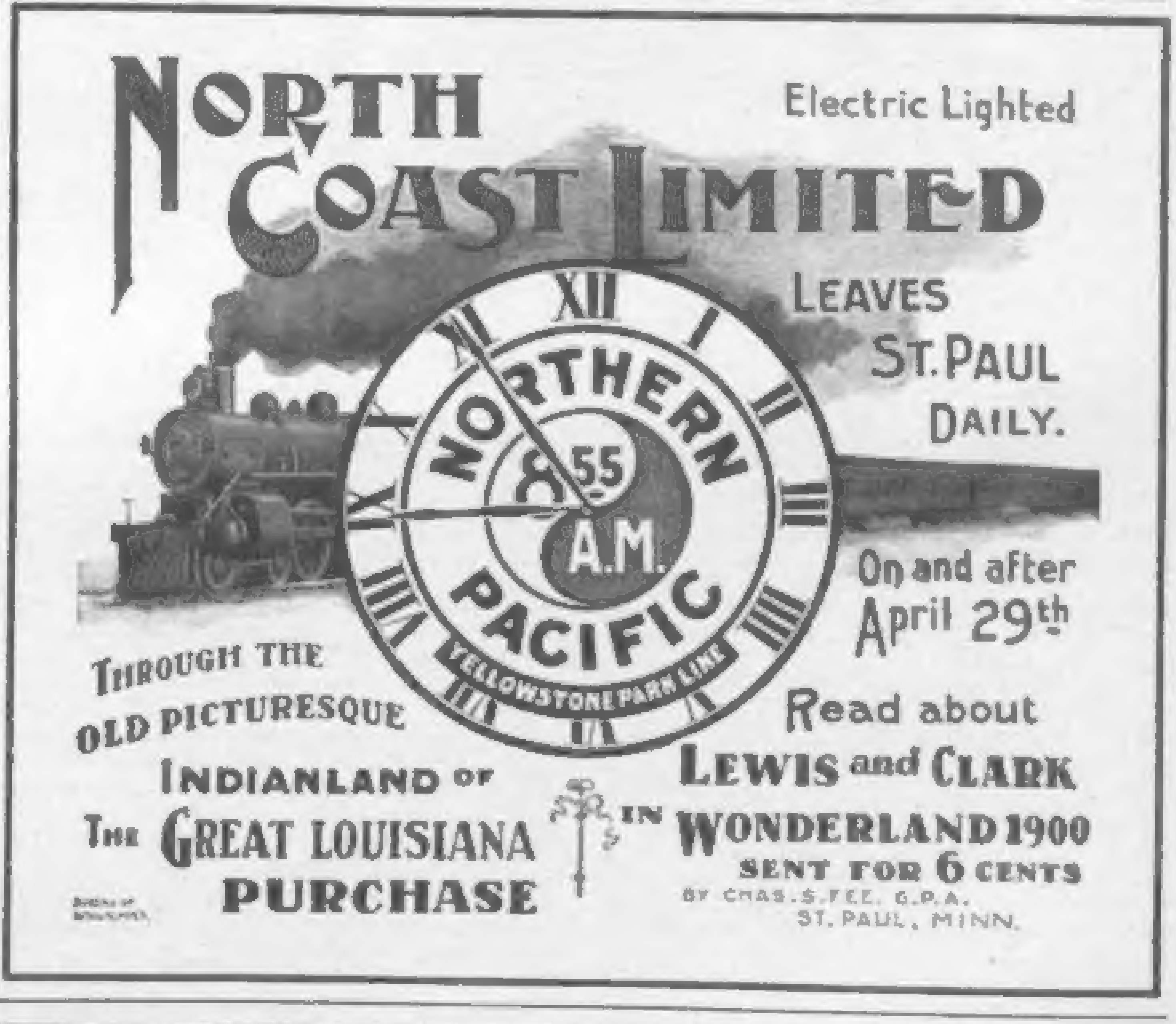

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MISSOURI'S FAMOUS SENATOR GEORGE G. VEST

IN MISSOURI there is uncommon interest in the announcement made recently by Senator George Graham Vest that he will retire from public life at the end of his present Senatorial term. The Senator is almost the last of the famous group that was for years the chief part of American official life. There were Conkling, Blaine, Bayard, Thurman, Voorhees, Beck, Cockrell, Vance, Hamlin, Morrill, Ingalls and David Davis—all giants representing a variety of ideas, many sections, and millions of people. Senator Vest has long been rated as one of the famous Senatorial debaters of all American history. His sharp and ready tongue, brilliant in repartee, terrible in invective, and classic in certain phases of its humor, has been a delight to his friends and a plague to his enemies.

A story told about Senator Vest and a boy is somewhat illustrative of the Senator's methods in getting close to people. The time was not more than ten years ago, when his Senatorial seat was not in danger. The boy was an eighteen-year-old reporter on the Kansas City Times. The youngster had neither vote nor influence. One day when Senator Vest was in the office somebody introduced the two. The youngster, unused to greatness, was so much awed by Mr. Vest that he could not find words. The Senator took the young man by the arm.

"Come," he said, starting for the elevator, "are you going out?"

The young man was not, so far as he knew, but the Senator's persuasion and gentleness changed his mind. "Let me see," the big, little man went on, "don't I know your father? I think I met him last year when I was making a speech up the country."

As the elevator went down the youth regained some of his composure. He managed to answer the Senator's question. At the bottom the two stopped. There the Senator, tilting his hat over his eyes and putting his hands in his pockets, leaned his roly-poly form against the wall and began to ask questions:

"Have you been in this town long? Do you like the newspaper business? Where did you go to school? Do you know about your country's history? Do you expect to become a great man?"

PORTRAIT BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SENATOR GEORGE G. VEST

In the course of ten minutes the young man felt that he amounted to something.

Senator Vest has never been closely allied to a church. In Missouri the Senator's great following has not regarded him in a religious relation; yet, with all of his apparent indifference, the Senator has long been a student of the Bible and a most tolerant observer of religious faith and form in others. Two years ago, Colonel John Carroll, solicitor for the Burlington Railroad system, while in Washington on business, called on the Senator at his home. Mr. Vest sent word to have Colonel Carroll come up to his room. When the caller entered he found the Senator lying in an easy chair with a Bible on his knees. He had been reading the Twenty-third Psalm.

"That's a beautiful thing, John," he said; "and let me tell you—that's a mighty fine book."

"I'd like to get a picture of you just now," said Colonel Carroll, "to show to the folks in Missouri."

The Senator smiled. "It might surprise 'em," he said; "but I have never cared to talk much about my religious ideas."

Not long ago Senator Vest was seriously ill. At times he was petulant, even with his friends, but seldom was he in a state of mind that a good story was not forthcoming. One afternoon, in talking with Major Dickinson, of the recent Volunteer Army, he fell to discussing the vanities of life.

"I once met a good old lady out West," said he, "who evinced great surprise of a not very complimentary sort when she met me.

"'And so you're Senator Vest, the great Senator?' she asked.

"'I'm Senator Vest,' I replied, bowing.

"'Well, well!' she exclaimed contemptuously. 'After all I've heard about you, I never'd a thought it!'

"At another time I met a farmer from New Madrid County.

"'I'm glad to see you, Senator,' he said. 'You see, we like you out our way. In fact, you're gettin' mighty notorious in New Madrid County.'"

Mr. Vest was educated at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, an institution that has graduated forty-four college professors, twenty-six Congressmen, four United States Senators, seven Governors, two Vice-Presidents of the United States, one Justice of the Supreme Court, forty-nine editors and thirty-nine Circuit Judges.

In the early fifties Mr. Vest married Miss Sallie Sneed, of Kentucky. The two set out for California, with never a thought of becoming residents of the Mississippi Valley. The lumbering vehicle was not in good trim. A break-down occurred at a small village—one of the quaint, ugly, irregular ante-bellum settlements of the new Southwest. The place was Georgetown, and there it was that young Mr. and Mrs. Vest found themselves at the mercy of a broken wheel.

While the stage passengers were thus awkwardly waiting, an old negro approached the young lawyer and asked his assistance. The black man explained that he had a son who was accused of murder. Feeling against the boy was very strong and the father pleaded with the traveling attorney to stop and lend his assistance. Mr. Vest concluded to allow the stage to proceed while he undertook the task of helping the negro and his boy. When the trial was over the boy was acquitted. A mob was speedily formed, the young man was taken from the jail, and in a little while he was dead.

Because of his connection with this case Vest was not particularly popular; and for this reason, as much as for any other, he concluded to become a Missourian and stand his ground. He at once began to secure a following, and in a remarkably short time he was rated as one of the important lawyers of the section in which he lived.

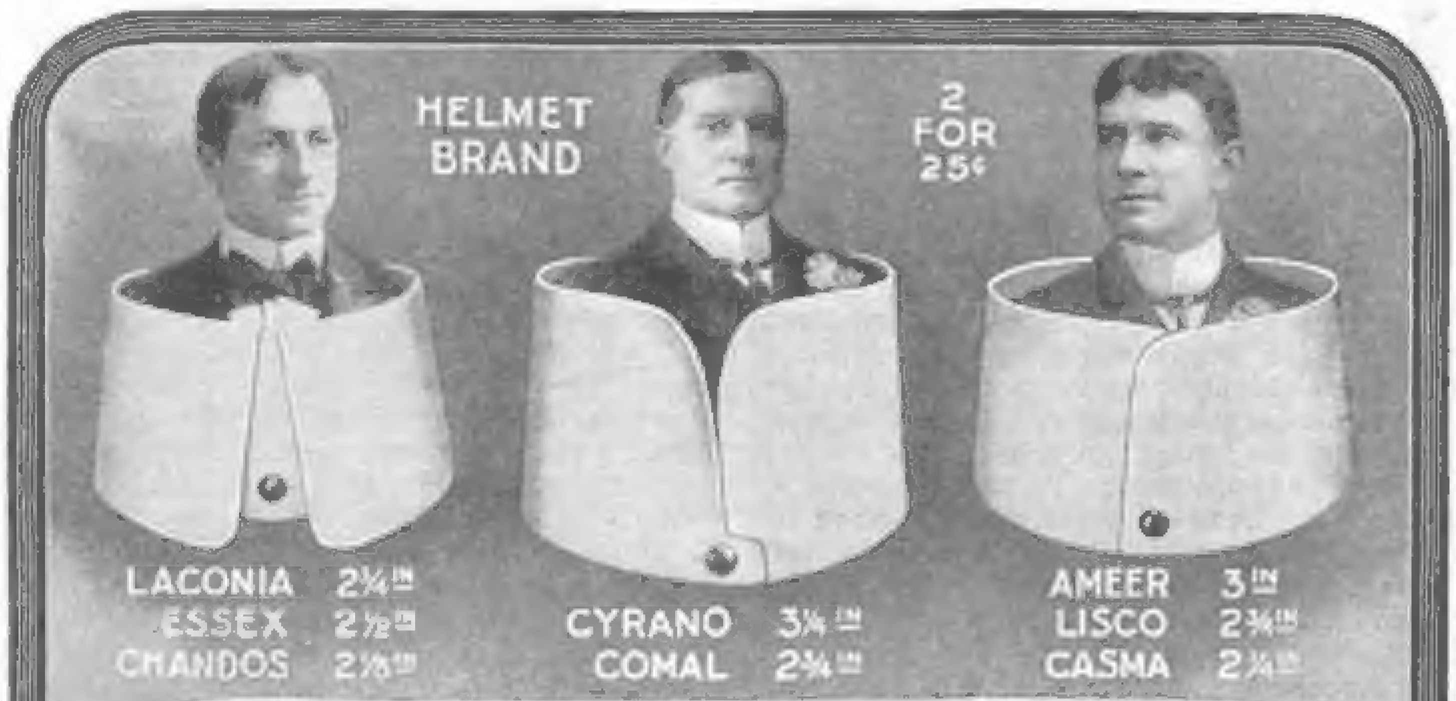
In sunshine and storm his sense of humor has always been one of his excelling qualities. As a candidate before the people his speeches brimmed with quaint story and allusion. In Wayne County, Missouri, in the early seventies, when Vest was a candidate in opposition to a wealthy citizen, he summed up his claims in a few words in one of his brilliant speeches.

"The gentleman who opposes me," he said, "is a man of wealth and position. I am only a poor, ragged, ex-Confederate soldier. I ask for your support."

One afternoon, driving along a Washington street, he compared his state of health to that of a certain ancient negro.

"See here, Sam," asked the negro's friend, "what's the matter with you?"

"Don't know, boss," said the old darky, "but I think dat I am a-sufferin' wif *anno domino.*"



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